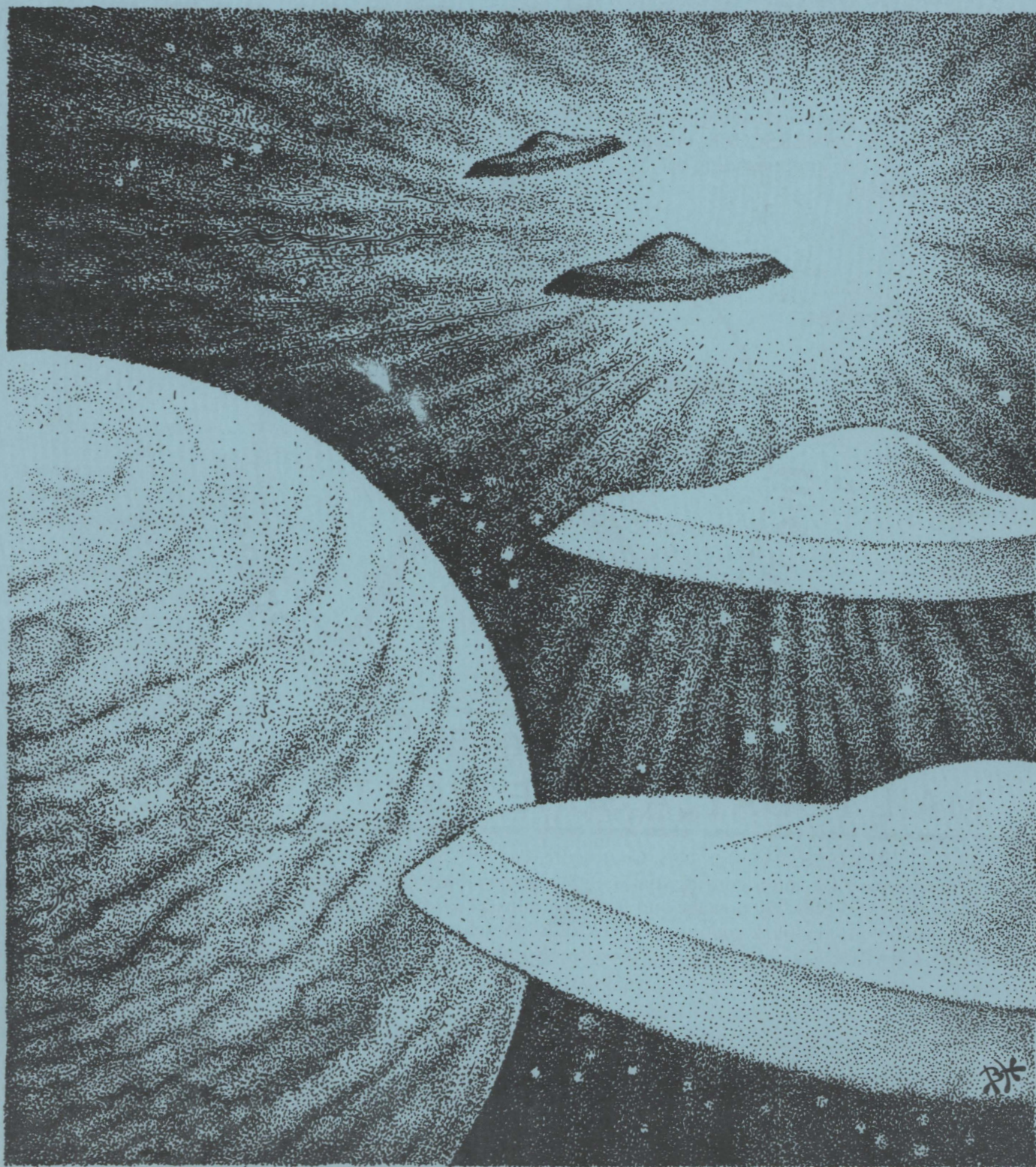


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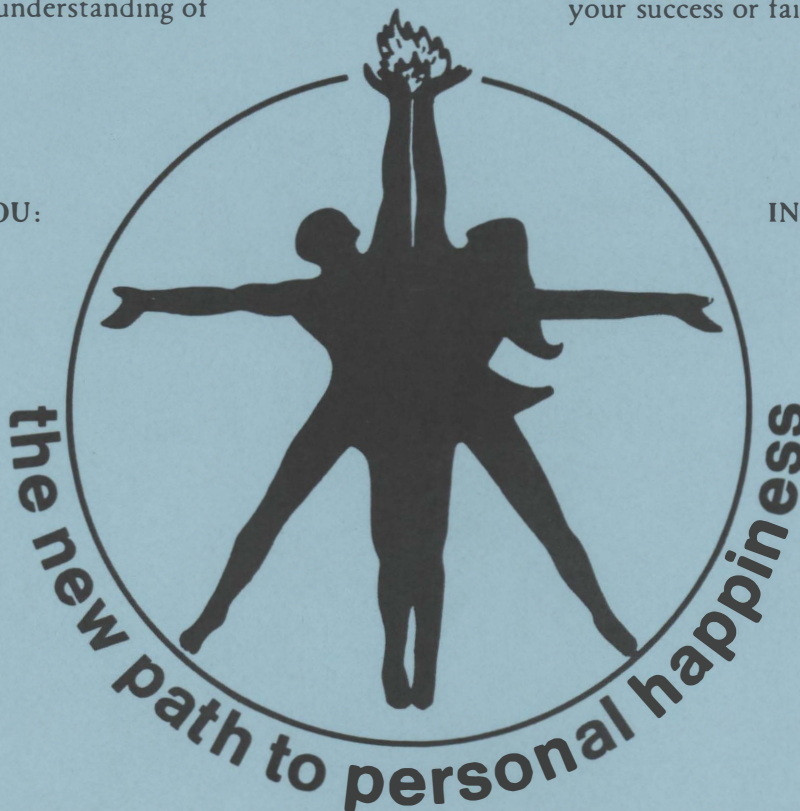
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May-June, 1974

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# EDITORIAL

*By Eugene Steinberg*

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Ever experience *deja vu* — that odd feeling of having been there before? I guess we all have at some time or another — and I have had the feeling with increasing intensity of late.

Just eight years ago, at the height of the 1966 UFO flap, I personally got involved in a totally new line of work, gave up virtually my entire former lifestyle and moved to another part of the country.

While probably not related, interest in UFOs was at a peak, and everybody with the vaguest ability at writing was cranking out a UFO article or book — the bookstores were quickly saturated with not only new works, but reprints galore.

And now, in 1974, I feel again I have "been there before."

Personally I am ready to give up one basic lifestyle, that of working for somebody else, and I am entering my own business full time. What this will mean as far as *Caveat Emptor* is concerned, I cannot say — yet. But it augers well for the future. It will give me more time to produce a quality product, and give it the kind of promotion necessary to make it more and more successful.

Does this mean we'll hit the newsstands eventually? That *is* a real possibility, but *when* is a question I can't answer.

And then there's the UFO enigma . . .

The bookstores are again filled with their share of UFO literature, be it in the "Chariots of the Gods" vein, or in the form of the traditional "saucers are real" book.

And the names of the authors of certain books bring me back to that other era — Howard Menger, George Adamski, Harold T. Wilkins; all reprints it is true, but again available to a new generation of readers becoming increasingly excited by the possibility that something real is actually out there!

So what does it all mean?

To recall the words of one philosopher I personally rely on quite a bit (myself), it means very little indeed, save for the profit and loss statements of certain book and magazine publishers.

A surfeit of UFO books without meaningful results towards finding out what the mysterious

discs are is simply going to tire the public of the whole subject all over again.

I don't recall that Eric von Daeniken's latest book made as much of a splash as his first two — but then again I don't check the best seller lists all that carefully. I just didn't see *Gold of the Gods* on them when I did bother to look it up.

Sound unlikely? Check back through every prior UFO wave, and see if the same pattern doesn't hold true — the long, slow buildup, the peak of activity, public clamor for more and more information, then the inevitable boredom and decay.

We even have people playing the same roles all over again, another act in the same play. In 1966, the arch villain was the Air Force, and the hero extraordinaire was Major Donald Keyhoe and his NICAP.

In 1974, both factions have been supplanted by newcomers who differ little in ideology from their predecessors.

The believers are led by such people as Dr. J. Allen Hynek and the Mutual UFO Network, and the skeptics are headed up by such folks as Dr. Carl Sagan.

The rhetoric is the same — only the players change . . .

*"And though she feels as if she's in a play, she is anyway."* (from the song, *Penny Lane*, by John Lennon and Paul McCartney)

Is the new interest in UFOs simply another symptom of this era's nostalgia craze — the desire to return to simpler times when people were optimistic about the future, and didn't have to worry over creeping inflation, gas shortages, Watergate and myriad problems that no one seems able to solve?

Perhaps it is — but then again there's no guarantee that when interest in the subject fades this time, it will be resurrected 5, 8 or 10 years from now. History may repeat itself sometimes, but let's not depend on it.

And where do we go from here?

That is the hardest question of all to answer — so if I sidestep that one, please don't think I'm ducking the issue. Tune in next time . . . — ERS



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# ALL DONE WITH MIRRORS

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**By Brinsley Le Poer Trench**  
(President, Contact International)

In my book, *The Eternal Subject*,<sup>1</sup> I wrote: "Another interesting possibility that I have not mentioned before, is that the Ufonauts are able in some way to project 'mental' pictures. A possible example of this might be found in the two extraordinary French sightings at Oloron and Gaillac described earlier. It has always struck me as quite uncanny how the same scene, the same actors, the same actions, without an iota of difference, was gone through at Gaillac, ten days after the first identical sighting. *There is something crying out to be learnt here, I feel sure.*"

Those two classical sightings were originally described by Aime Michel in his first book, *The Truth About Flying Saucers*.<sup>2</sup> The first sighting took place on Friday, October 17, 1952, at Oloron. Michel stated that it was an absolutely clear and sunny day, and that the event was witnessed by M. Yves Prigent, the head of the Oloron High School, his wife and their three children.

It is essential to give here M. Prigent's account of what he and his family saw, quoted from Michel's book.

"In the north, a cottony cloud of strange shape was floating against the blue sky. Above it a long narrow cylinder, apparently inclined at a 45° angle, was slowly moving in a straight line toward the southwest. I estimated its altitude as two or three kilometers. The object was whitish, non-luminous, and very distinctly defined. A sort of plume of white smoke was escaping from its upper end. At some distance in front of the cylinder, about 30 other objects were following the same trajectory. To the naked eye, they appeared as featureless balls resembling puffs of smoke. But, with the help of opera glasses, it was possible to make out a central red sphere, surrounded by a sort of yellowish ring inclined at an angle. 'The angle,' according to M. Prigent, 'was such as to conceal almost entirely the lower part of the central sphere, while revealing its upper surface.' These 'saucers' moved in pairs, following a broken path characterized in general by rapid and short zig-zags. When two saucers drew away from one another, a whitish streak, like an electric arc, was pro-

duced between them.

"All these strange objects left an abundant trail behind them, which slowly fell to the ground as it dispersed. For several hours, clumps of it hung in the trees, on the telephone wires, and on the roofs of the houses."

Michel went on to state that various people were able to collect some of this gossamer-like substance, which rapidly became gelatinous, sublimed in the air and disappeared.

Ten days later, on October 27th, the whole scene was re-enacted again over Gaillac. The same actors, the same play. The long plumed cylinder, inclined at 45°, preceded by 30 saucers flying in pairs zig-zag fashion, and dispersing as at Oloron, large quantities of "Angel Hair," which is what the gossamer-like substance is usually called by Ufologists. At Gaillac, there were about 100 witnesses, including two police officers.

Now, I appreciate that these two sightings are "old hat," but it is my contention as I have written elsewhere, that it is no use just recording, analyzing and filing sighting reports away, and forgetting about them. You see, sometimes long afterwards, you can learn something of great importance, and these two sightings are cases in point.

The very fact that the action, the players, the whole scene, was exactly the same over, first, Oloron, and then, ten days later, at Gaillac, is extremely significant.

I think it highly probable that the Ufonauts have something like a library of motion pictures or a projection sighting bank! In my book, I suggested that they were probably able to project "mental" pictures. Although I do not entirely rule this idea out, upon reflection, I now think that these were projections of another sort.

The first of the two sightings, the one at Oloron, if we follow up my theory, may or may not have been an original sighting. Both sightings may have been projections of an earlier one, but I certainly think the second one at Gaillac, which was absolutely identical in every detail to the Oloron one, was a projection.

What do I mean by projection? I think that



the Ufonauts would have a moving picture of the original event, available to be shown over any locality. Perhaps, this motion film of UFO phenomena is projected by the clever use of mirrors reflecting the sun's rays and focussing the film onto the desired place where it is to be seen. Much in the same way as the heliogram, a message transmitted by a heliograph (which is a signalling apparatus employing a mirror to reflect the sun's rays) is received.

Maybe it is done in a much more sophisticated way. In whatever manner the result is achieved, I am sure the Ufonauts are capable of projecting very realistic pictures of previous events in the sky to Earth people.

Some readers may point to the "Angel Hair" that dropped over the landscape at both Oloron and Gaillac, as proof that the two identical sightings could not have been projected pictures in the sky.

I agree that this is an important point to be taken into consideration. On the basis of our present scientific knowledge, it would seem that this anticipated criticism of my theory is correct. However, I submit this is not necessarily valid.

Throughout the history of photographic art, new dimensions have been added. We had plain black and white stills, and now we have color stills. We had silent, black and white movies. Then sound was added, giving us both the human voice and music, as well as other effects. Later, color films with sound. Later still, three-dimensional color films. More recently, we have heard about the "smellies"; that is, films in which there might be, for example, a scene depicting the sea waves breaking on the coast of Cornwall, England. The cinema audience would be treated to a smell of ozone, adding another dimension of reality to the performance. I understand that this is something we shall all enjoy in the cinema before long. I gather that the ozone smell would not come from the sea waves portrayed on the screen. It would be a synthetic smell.

The Ufonauts with their advanced technology may have introduced still another dimension in their film-making, one with which we are not yet familiar. In the same way that the American film industry has been experimenting with "smellies," the Ufonauts may have taken a further step and introduced a pseudo "Angel Hair."

On the other hand, Richard Shaver has described how the Deros and Teros inside the Earth, have access to the wonderful machines of the ancients. Perhaps their vision rays, which can penetrate miles of solid rock and pick up scenes all over the Earth (our own scientists are on the way to similar achievement through their work with lasers) could in some way produce projections in

in the air above the surface of this planet. Alternatively, they may have some other wonderful machines beyond our present comprehension, capable of projecting this type of phenomena.

Anyway, I am convinced that the repeat performance at Gaillac, ten days after the Oloron incident, was a projection. If you re-read the fantastic account of the first sighting at Oloron, with its cylinder object at the 45° angle, preceded by the 30 saucers in pairs, the actions gone through, and then appreciate that this whole spectacular scene was gone through again at Gaillac ten days later, it seems to be "sticking out a mile" that some kind of projection occurred.

In this article I have been throwing out some suggestions as to how this exact second performance was achieved. Some of my ideas may be "way out." That I am prepared to admit. However, some of you may like to think around what I have written and send in your own ideas to the Editor.

Incidentally, if you have heard of any other duplicated sightings on such a big scale, please let us know. I think this opens up a considerable area for us to explore. Another exciting aspect of the fantastic UFO enigma.

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— Brinsley LePoer Trench

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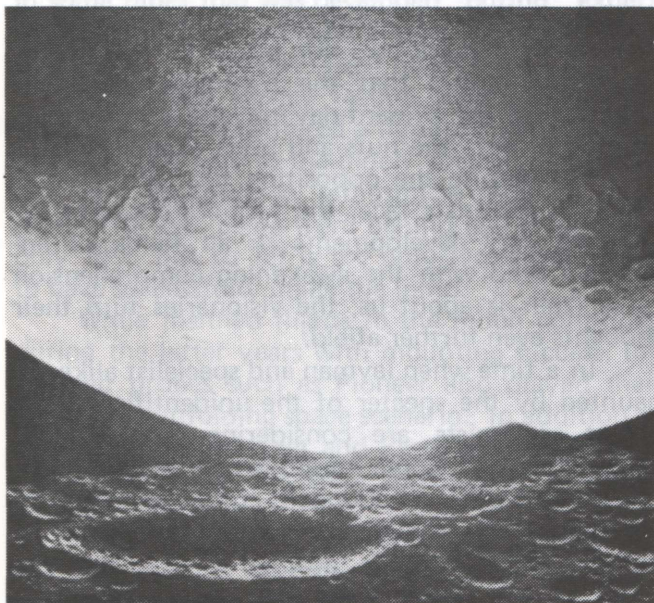
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# NASA: The Star Trek Syndrome

By Curtis K. Sutherly

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Part 1



View of giant Jupiter, as seen from one of its many moons. This photo shows a painting displayed in the Smithsonian's hall of space art. (Photo by author)

*Man's relentless quest for knowledge has taken him in search of every possible frontier. He has gained the manner of the bird with his aircraft. His daring was challenged when he began to probe the depths of the endless seas. In all, the human animal has found little with which to satisfy his ceaseless desire to know. Now, the upright beast is challenging the stars themselves, asking for the right to soar beyond his planetary home. To a degree, he has achieved the beginning of this dream-like quest — footprints are now embedded in lunar soil. But will he reach further, sweeping past the fringe of the solar system — reaching for those distant points of radiance in his frenzy of discovery?*

\* \* \*

Nearly two years ago, on March 3, 1972, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration launched Pioneer 10, the first unmanned probe

aimed for deep interstellar space.

The flight program included study of interplanetary space, the asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter, and intensive study of giant Jupiter itself. During December, 1973, Pioneer sped past the Jovian world-system and survived extreme radiation exposure. Throughout this period, the probe transmitted information on a planet having more than 1,000 times the volume of Earth, and nearly 318 times the mass. But what will Pioneer encounter in that infinite void beyond Jupiter?

In 1976, Pioneer will reach the orbit of Saturn, perhaps the most visually exciting of the outer worlds with its shrouding of atmospheric rings. Astronomers believe these rings may have been formed by the breakup of some large planetary mass; perhaps in this case, a moon or moons of Saturn.

In 1979, the spaceprobe will pass through the orbit of Uranus, the 7th planet of the solar system. From this distance, the nuclear-powered transmitter aboard the craft will send messages received some two hours and 47 minutes later by NASA's Deep Space Network in Pasadena, California. This distance will also establish extreme communications limitations between Earth and Pioneer.

In 1983, Neptune's orbit will be crossed, and finally in 1987, 15 years after launch, the orbit of Pluto will be achieved. This will mark Pioneer's departure from the solar system. At approximately 25,000 miles an hour, it will enter the depths of interstellar space . . .

As Pioneer drifts through the outer void, instruments on board will attempt to determine the nature of solar winds and cosmic radiation distribution throughout the galaxy. In addition, Pioneer will try to locate the boundary of the heliosphere (the sun's atmosphere). This, in essence, will determine where the solar wind stops blowing and intergalactic space begins.

The red star *Aldebaran*, located in the constellation *Taurus the Bull*, is the proposed long-range objective of the Pioneer probe. This star-system is about 68 light years from our own planetary system. It will take Pioneer *over two*





In 1971, Mariner 9, the first spacecraft to orbit Mars, sent back thousands of revealing pictures, including this view of the gigantic volcanic mountain Nix Olympica, more than 15 miles high. Other Mariner 9 pictures have been used to select the landing sites for two Viking spacecraft to be launched in 1975. (NASA Photo)

*million years* to reach that destination.

If at some time during the course of its distant voyaging Pioneer encounters extraterrestrial life forms, those entities will find a now famous plaque attached to the craft. Radiating lines on it show the position of our sun in relation to 14 pulsars — cosmic sources of radio energy.

The hydrogen symbol is also used as a kind of measuring stick, indicating by hydrogen wavelength — approximately eight inches — the height of the man and woman depicted on the plaque. A description of our solar system is also given, showing the third planet from the sun to be the launch world for the probe.

But aside from the obvious technological implications of this probe and others similar to it, what does it represent to the mass of humanity?

## THE DAWNING OF THE CONTACT ERA

Not so many years ago, supposedly wise individuals were screaming at the top of their lungs that mankind would never achieve anything approaching air travel. Then, in even more recent times, the same individuals were ignoring their earlier mistake and denouncing the possibility of

breaching the speed of sound. Unfortunately for the "thinkers" among us, that too has come to pass.

Now we hear the same old and tired deriders (or possible descendants thereof) stating with absolute certainty that humanity cannot and definitely will not break the light barrier. Nonetheless, men of character will continue to attempt to do so, and will, in good time, no doubt achieve such a victory.

In the 1974 *Saga* annual, science writer Joseph Goodavage discusses the role of science in the space program. He says, "The fact is that our space feats are *technological*, not scientific triumphs." He further states that the theoretical scientists didn't build the present-day rockets and space equipment, but "the nuts and bolts engineers did!"

Yet despite the opposition the technologists and true scientists face, the face continues to experience new developments in all fields of endeavor. And with the awakening comprehension of all that is about us, the visionaries turn their thoughts even further afield.

In a time when layman and specialist alike are haunted by the specter of the unidentified flying object, optimists are considering contact with other-worlders. Some misguided people approach this notion with over-abundant enthusiasm, expecting each UFO or unusual creature noted to be representative of "the awaited ones"; but the scientists view these ideas with caution (in some cases, downright skepticism).

For the technologist, the possibility of alien contact is more remote — after all, have the UFOs ever shown us anything other than butterfly tactics, scurrying away at every attempt to learn about them? So the long way around is brought into play. A probe is designed to study the outer worlds, but which also carries with it the means to *guide others back to us!*

Indeed, we begin to enter a new era, an age when the once scoffed at notion of contact with other life forms has taken a deep-rooted place in our culture. We have come to feel that man's place is no longer limited to one world, or even to one solar system. Humanity now envisions the possibility that someday, perhaps not so very far in the future, we will take our rightful place in a co-existence with the inhabitants of far-off worlds.

## CLIMBING THE STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN

"What good is it all?"

This is a question once generally asked by many people about the initial conquest of space. Now that question has been altered somewhat. We are beginning to ask, "What will be next?"



We have achieved the ability to reach — and for a time, stay — on Luna, our moon. But will we now be content to sit and sift through the warehouse of information the Apollo expeditions brought home?

For something over 15 years, the Space Administration has worked, punched, driven and prodded everyone and every trick in its inventory in order to reach the lunar surface. In the process, our mode of living has been improved due to by-products of space research (even pipe-smokers have benefitted by this as a result of a material now used in some pipes that was developed during experiments with rocket exhaust alloys; the damn things don't burn out, and can even be washed).

The space agency readily admits that their first 15 years was centered around the we've-got-to-beat-the-other-guy-to-the-moon theme. Nonetheless, the competitive atmosphere worked wonders. The U.S. came from behind and arrived not only first, but so far is the only terrestrial nation to have successfully made the jump.

While manned flights to the moon continued during the latter years with mounting success, unmanned probes such as Pioneer also played their part in the unfolding space scenario. In addition to a vast array of weather and Earth-survey satellites, interplanetary probes were directed at our mysterious neighbors.

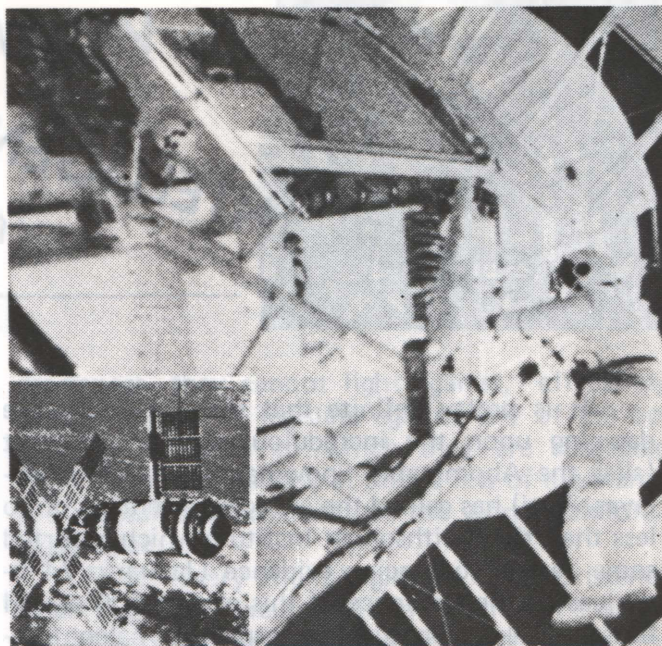
When Pioneer 10 began its long reach toward the asteroid belt and thereafter on to the boundaries of the solar system, another robot — Mariner 9 — had been transmitting for nearly four months from Mars orbit.

Launched on May 30, 1971, Mariner 9 assumed orbit about the Martian sphere on November 13, 1971. From that date until October 27, 1972, the probe scanned and transmitted data on a planet we had heretofore assumed to be as barren, as nearly bleak as our own moon.

Hampered in operation for nearly a month and a half by a severe dust storm that blocked surface monitoring, Mariner carried out its intended program of topographical mapping. In addition, it snapped nearly 7,400 photographs of that world and its two mysterious moons, Phobos and Deimos. Infrared and ultra-violet techniques for photographic observation were employed by Mariner, adding to our knowledge of atmospheric conditions over Mars.

According to NASA, we can now rest assured that our neighbor in space isn't a dead hulk, but "a live, dynamic, evolutionary planet with dust storms, changing cloud formations, and volcanoes." So who ever said Mars was an ideal vacation resort anyway?

With the heyday years of lunar exploration past, the agency is settling into a more relaxed,



Skylab, America's first space station, was still in orbit awaiting the third crew of astronauts as NASA's 15th anniversary approached in 1973. Astronaut Charles Conrad, Jr., is shown here collecting cannisters of exposed film. The inset shows Skylab with the improvised sunshade the astronauts erected to save the mission. (NASA Photo)

but perhaps more beneficial period. Unmanned probes will continue to scout out the remote corners of the solar system while earthside, agency officials plan toward the proposed 1980 launch date for the space shuttle.

According to a recent NASA pocket guide, the space shuttle will give man "easy, economical and routine access to space, significantly advancing his capabilities for utilizing space for mankind's benefit."

With such a hybrid of air/spacecraft at our fingertips, the era of true space exploration can begin. No longer will astronauts be compelled to journey into orbit in one-shot space capsules. Neither will they need to spend long, tiresome hours in training just to be fit enough to make the launch date. In short, *any individual in reasonably good health could make a jump into space.* Sooner than we expect, it will be feasible for laymen to trek into planetary orbit.

The shuttle will be a long-lived (as spacecraft go) piece of equipment, with a span of perhaps one hundred missions. Even the shuttle's booster will be reusable on a somewhat lesser scale, being parachuted back to Earth after a separation from the shuttlecraft. This makes for quite a savings for

*(continued on page 21)*



# IS THERE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH?

By Shirley Tabor

It is pretty definite that there is a new age dawning upon the incredulous world: Bigfoot (alias the Abominable Snowman or, in the Himalayas, Yeti) has gained the grudging attention of no less than the Smithsonian Institute which reported some rather convincing evidence (January '74 issue) as to the existence of this elusive 500 pound beastie; Leaky (famous and respected paleontologist) has found a pair of skulls on the African continent which place humankind's current physiology as having several more million years history than previously thought; and now? — and now? Now I have figured out the only answer to the flying saucer phenomenon which will withstand Occam's razor!

We're all familiar with the theories of who (and what) pilots our unidentified flying objects. We're all aware of the many planets/time periods/dimensions which have purportedly been the homes of these wandering wayfarers. The really *big* problem has been — what on Earth are they doing here?

Is it reasonable to assume superior civilizations have been unsuccessfully trying to conquer the human species from the days of our primitive infancy? Yet that does seem to be one popular theory.

Another reason given for their presence is altruism. These members of superior technical civilizations want to help us! They have been hanging around, affecting our species in so many wierd ways for such a long time simply out of a great love of aiding us toward becoming civilized!

Well, it's a pretty theory, but somehow it doesn't make sense. In fact, we human beings are altogether too easy both to kill and control (in the last 35 years or so there hasn't been a generation coming into adulthood to have missed experiencing or seeing at least *some* form of mass control). So what brings these funny flying critters roaming through the atmosphere of the third planet of good old Sol's system?

I propose the theory that the mass of Earth is a kind of pivot-point for inter-dimensional space-travelers taking space-warp shortcuts through here

out of their own space/time continuum. The short time needed to pass through our atmosphere, utilizing the energy of our planet's weight and momentum to change direction, would certainly beat simply stopping in blank space, using ship fuel to re-orient.

The above assumes, of course, that we are speaking of no more complicated dimensional changes than space and/or time. Add the possible warp-jump which might occur should Earth-mass be used as a gravity well by civilizations from *parallel* time!

Such an hypothesis would well explain the length of time UFO sightings have been recorded. An inter-galactic (or even inter-galactic parallel-time) civilization of such magnitude would certainly last throughout the short span of time humankind has been literate — or even artistic! And it would also explain the fact that there have been relatively few contacts. How many of us would bother mucking about with the spider monkeys in their homes in the Amazon jungles?

For, face it, compared to civilizations of such greatness and duration, compared with species of such gentleness and forbearance (in case you haven't guessed, it is my opinion that species as advanced as these apparently are could have long ago crushed us or "taken us over" if they found it interesting to do so), we are worse than barbarians — we are probably viewed as being the next-best thing to non-sentient!! Certainly there is little to indicate that the scientists and other occasional visitors from these passing craft found us advanced enough to deal with as equals. Either in constructive or destructive relationships.

Perhaps it is this fact which causes so many followers in the UFO scene to make such absurd, paranoid assumptions about the beings who pilot these craft. We've been told they are enslaving us, that we are nothing but cattle to them, that they want to take over Earth! We've been given descriptions of them as being the source of all religion, we've been told *only* our religion has saved us (pure of heart and all that), and we've been told they  
(continued on page 21)

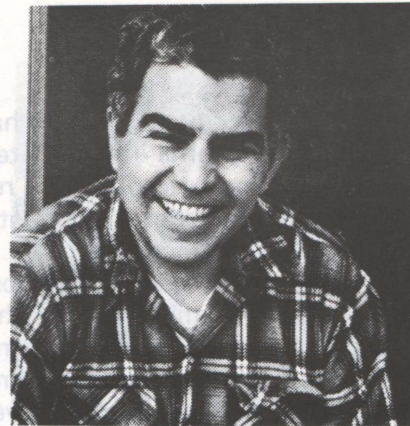


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# A CHILDREN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT

By Jerome Eden

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(Editor's Note: *The author holds a master's degree in education and has taught in secondary schools in New York City and State. Mr. Eden is the author of Orgone Energy and Planet in Trouble, both published by Exposition Press, Jericho, N.Y.)*

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Everyone seems to be joining a liberation movement. We have a Black Liberation movement, a Women's Liberation movement, a Gay Liberation movement, another for Indians and Chicanos, and now we have a Men's Liberation movement to counteract the Women's Liberation movement. Apparently the women want to be liberated from male domination and the men want to be liberated from female domination. How did all this *loss* of liberty begin in the first place?

Since it takes a male and a female to reproduce (and, in most cases, raise) a child — when and how did each "subjugated" soul lose his or her liberty in the first place? Since liberties must somehow have been lost in childhood, it would seem that they can only be safeguarded in childhood. But nobody mentions that. The Blacks are for Blacks; women are for women; homosexuals are for the right to be homosexuals. But nobody stands up for the Rights of the Child. Since the human infant represents the common denominator of *all* future "movements," wouldn't it be prudent to insure the rational liberties of infancy, childhood and adolescence, and in that way further insure the realization of adult liberties?

I therefore propose a worldwide "Children's Liberation Movement," a movement that will strive to guarantee to each child the Right to Life, Love and happiness.

But, you might ask, don't children have such rights at the present time?

No — they do not. Children as a group are the single most oppressed people in the world. I speak now of *all* children, white, black, red, or yellow. Because they are the physically weakest specimens of *homo sapiens*, children can neither defend themselves or petition for a redress of

grievances, they cannot fight against, effectively speak against, or legislate against any of the oppressive measures to which they are subjected from birth. Let us look at only a few of these anti-life measures which most of the world's children experience.

First — every infant begins his or her existence as an organism dwelling within the mother's womb for approximately 270 days and nights. In this protected environment, the organism feeds, eliminates, and moves autonomically. In this protected, warm and energetic environment — in constant contact with its mother — the organism carries out a self-regulated existence. Suddenly, one day, it is "born."

From an environmental temperature of 98.6°, the infant finds itself in a room considerably colder. Suddenly it feels itself grasped by both ankles and lifted upside down, while simultaneously being smacked across its bottom! "Welcome, *homo sapiens*, to your new world!" A friend of mine who was both a pediatrician and an orgone therapist remarked: "Every animal licks its offspring with its tongue at birth; but Man is the only animal that 'licks' with the hand!"

Okay — what happens next to our infant? The doctor or the nurse squirts silver nitrate in its eyes! Silver nitrate (in case you don't remember) burns like hell in the delicate tissues of the eyes. Yes, I know, the silver nitrate is supposed to prevent any gonococcus infection in the eyes. But there is a simple and quick test that could be run on the mother which would easily determine whether she has or hasn't got a gonococcus infection. But the hospitals don't routinely run such tests — it's easier to squirt acid into each infant's eyes.

Now, what is our infant subsequently favored with? The baby is routinely *removed* from its mother! Why, we ask? "Because that's the way it's done all over the civilized world!" But why is the baby removed from having the necessary bodily contact with its mother, and why isn't it allowed to breast feed at birth? "Because that's the way we do it," is the reply "and mind your own impertinent business!" (Having spent over six



years in the hospital field, and having visited nearly every major hospital in the United States, I am convinced that most hospitals are run for the convenience of the staff, not for the patients, and especially not for helpless infants!)

All right, so here we have our newborn infant, be it male or female, black, white or green. All, *all* are routinely "liberated" from the womb by being turned upside down and rump-slapped at birth, given a squirt of eye-burning silver nitrate, removed from the comforting contact with the mother (usually swaddled, so they can't "scratch themselves," in clothing so tightly binding as to restrict all movement), *and not fed a mouthful until the hospital timetable says each one may eat!* Is this "liberation" or deprivation of the cruellest kind? And we expect "liberated" adults to grow up from such a beginning?

But wait, we are by no means finished with this chamber of horrors. As the late Dr. Wilhelm Reich so aptly described these barbarities in his article, "The Source of the Human No," the next generalized torment is reserved for male infants. Routinely, the next step in our scenario is to cut off the end of the male's most sensitive organ — the child is circumcized! "Why?" we ask. "Shut up!" we are told. "The kid might develop trouble with his foreskin; it's a preventative measure!" So why not remove the adenoids, the appendix, maybe a kidney or two, or even the heart, because certainly the kid "might develop" trouble in these organs as well?

Born into a cold world, yanked upside down, slapped on the bottom, removed from his mother, unable to feed, unable to move, and then to feel the physician's knife on his genital organ! And from this beginning we wish to raise "healthy, happy, liberated adults"?

Then the child grows, reaching puberty. This is a period of increasing genital pressures. But society offers no rational, socially-approved way of dealing with natural, sexual needs. The child may be constantly warned against "touching himself." Why? How does a child find relief from the goading pressures of sexual development? The parents constantly warn the adolescent: "Don't masturbate or you'll form bad habits! Don't have intercourse or I'll break your neck; and if you have a child I'll have you thrown into the streets!" So what can the adolescent do? What in fact does he or she do?

We know what they do. They start drinking, or taking drugs, or stealing cars, or they run away from home and become "hippies," or "yippies" or God knows what. And who can blame them?

If an adolescent cannot express his God-given genital love, then this love will eventually become distorted, perverted, and even vicious. Is it any

wonder that so many youngsters — at the height of their sexual needs — commit suicide? Is it any wonder homosexuality is so widespread? Actually society *prefers* homosexuality to the healthy development of heterosexual adults. A person who is chronically denied a natural outlet for expressions of love, must eventually become either filled with hatred (socially "delinquent") or resigned to illness and death.

Where, therefore, is the "Liberation" movement that speaks for children? *All children!* Who guarantees the human infant the right *not* to be molested and physically oppressed at birth? Who speaks for the right of the adolescent to fulfill his or her sexual needs? Who speaks for the right of young people to have proper counselling, privacy, and the *affirmation* of their natural sexual expressions? Who will affirm the adolescent's right to knowledge and use of contraceptives? If a young girl becomes pregnant because she is ignorant of the processes of reproduction, is it she *or society* that is really negligent?

But very few, if any at all, will openly affirm these minimum rights of Young People. The homosexual wants the right to be a homosexual, but he utters not a single word for the right of youth *not to be homosexual!*

Women Liberationists want the right to be *what?* Liberated? How can a twisted tree suddenly become a straight tree? And Blacks want "Black Liberation"? Since when is the misery of childhood confined to any single race? Don't Blacks cripple their children, just as Whites and Reds do?

A really radical thinker goes "to the roots" of things. And the human condition did not spring full-blown in adulthood. Man's social miseries can only be stopped where they are begun: At birth, in infancy, and in adolescence. Until you pseudo-liberationists are willing to stand up for the rights of children and youth, your "movements," your diatribes, and your vitriol are the hollow pantomime and evasion of the freedom peddler and the quack.

If natural sexual expressions of children and youth are "immoral, illegal, and unhealthy" — what makes it, suddenly at age 18 or 21, "moral, and legal, and healthy"? As the late A.S. Neill said, "Sex that is dirty in the nursery cannot be clean in the marriage bed."

Yes, humanity needs a liberation movement — but a *true* liberation movement that strikes at man's deepest illness and irrationality. By focusing attention on the basic rights of children and youth, we shall begin to lay the axe to the very foundations of *all* adult oppression and misery.

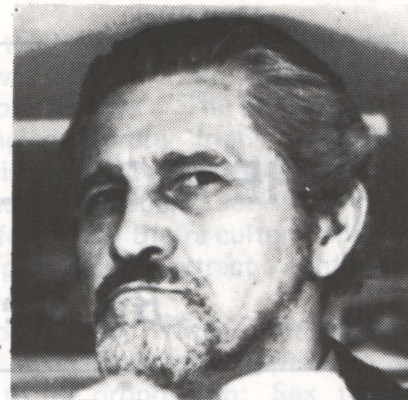
— Jerome Eden

CAVEAT EMPTOR



# HOW TO IGNORE REALITY

By Richard S. Shaver



In order to ignore reality in totality, you constantly have to use the largest words available. This will make people think you are paying attention in a high-minded and cogent manner.

Then they will leave you alone to enjoy your own ideas about what ought to be and might be and so ignore the ugly reality that plagues other people.

The truth about reality is the last thing anyone wants to hear, so if you talk about it they will leave you alone to daydream. In this way, by seeming to pay attention, you can dope off in lavish splendor in your mind.

Most people never want truth about anything, anyway. They shy off if you mention the word. So if you want to conform, you have to shy away from all truth about everything.

Truth is really a very fantastic commodity, hard to sell, and very hard to contain in any envelope of words or any system of logic. If you know some ugly truths about life and our times, like how motor car exhausts are making children along the highways mentally retarded, don't mention them. People and car manufacturers don't want to hear them.

If you know some truths about UFOs or have seen one, don't mention it. Just ignore the whole thing. If you have been to a government office with 52 empty desks and 54 names on the payroll, don't tell anyone. They don't want to know anyway.

Be like the government intelligence experts. When they were warned about the raid on Pearl Harbor, they ignored it utterly. Who could care less if the whole U.S. fleet sank? Not they. They conformed, and didn't stick their necks out.

Reality is very weird anyway. Nobody really wants to know much about it. It interrupts their daydreams about the belly button on Raquel Welch.

So, to ignore reality, you just conform plastic-like to other people's ideas. You don't bother having any ideas yourself, for it's hard work keeping up with reality; and besides, it's uncomfortable to know your rivers are being totally polluted and your drinking water approaching a poisonous state.

It is not comfortable to know the oysters you'd like to buy aren't available anymore because pollution killed them off, so you ignore it. It isn't comfortable to know that the poverty programs are all being abandoned in favor of economy. (Whose economy isn't very clear, either.)

We have only one champion levelling a lance at reality and trying to subdue it into a creature you can live with. That is Ralph Nader, and he is getting more and more unpopular every day.

Ralph Nader is the modern Don Quixote. The windmills in his mind go round and round and whistle as they turn: "Reality is for living in, and you'd better do something about it!" But apparently he is the only one who hears the whistling.

The rest of us are all very comfortable in our decaying "economy." Our "great society" crumbles in all directions, but we go on, hoping that our daydreams will someday align with reality and let us co-exist. The great men in the featherbed seats will find some words to cope with it, we are sure.

Coping with reality by using long words and a jargon unintelligible to everyone else seems to be "governmental procedure." They think reality only needs a lot of big words to come to heel for them.

Personally I am worried about it all, and my fantastic reality keeps intruding on my prosaic dreams. But don't let it bother you.

Love your brother; peace, man. That's all that we need?

To ignore reality you really should know something about it. Otherwise you might inadvertently stub your toe on it.

Reality is a world of immense age, once lorded over by space races in the far past. A port, a hostel for space-farers, the "Hosts" of Earth greeted a long traffic of tourism from other worlds, travelling along now-forgotten space routes from (no one knows where today). That is reality, and it is quite fantastic. But if you want to ignore the reality of Earth's past, you stop reading right here!

Reality is a large sponge called Earth, honey-  
(continued on page 22)



# THE MORALITY OF THE MINI

By Steve Erdmann



When we speak of morality, we also think of sexual morality: Those codes and laws we operate under in carrying out the differences of the sexes. Here are three camps — the Haves, the Have Nots, and the Somewhats — the last may have strict views on morality; however, they may not believe in sexual modesty (they might be truly naive, having lost all taste in clothes). Haves come under traditional religious mores, either that of Christianity or other religious groups that espouse sexual modesty and strict monogamy. Diametrically opposed to the Haves (epitomized by the late F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover: "The spiritual strength of a nation") are the Have Nots — a confused meeting of atheistic changeableness, irreligious amorality, and materialistic doubt and uncertainty.

It is in this last-mentioned breeding ground of Have Not ideology that the "Mod" fashions such as the mini, micro and "short-shorts" or "hot pants" costumes have gained popularity. But most amazingly, they have gained so much popularity that one is generally confronted with them in our very churches of Christianity and other similar faiths.

*Such a seemingly simple thing as the length of a skirt has betrayed our true morality.*

People generally are unaware of the origin of the "Mini fashions," and our churches have proved altogether too naive in this respect. It is precisely for the sake of the church membership that it may be beneficial to trace the origin of these costumes and see exactly how they stand up against some of the rules of the "Faiths of Christianity" and other religious denominations.

Throughout history there have been "rises and dips" in skirts and necklines, whether it be the bare-chested in Cushy Minoan times, or the brusque dress in the court of Louis XIV, or the short skirts of the "flappers" of the 1920s. Time has shown that generally during carefree, nonchalant times, when people tend to prosper materially, financially (and scientifically, where science is held up as a club to beat modesty), the skirts shorten and clothes shrink as a show of psychological arrogance and egotism.

The modern mini-skirt design can be traced back to Mary Quant of England. It was Mary Quant, fashionist, who wore the first mini-skirt (made with her own hands) into a bar to see if she could attract a man to accompany her.

In a 1967 news article, she said: "Am I the only woman who has ever wanted to go to bed with a man in the afternoon? Any law-abiding female, it used to be thought, waits until dark. Well, there are a lot of girls who don't want to wait. Mini-clothes are symbolic of them. So are cosmetics that seem natural and stay right on into bed and out again, because that's the point. All this decoration is put on in order to seduce a man to bed, so what's the sense of taking it all off?"

If you feel Quant was only saying this for publicity, you should realize she was equally vocal in her autobiography, *Quant by Quant*, where she not only tells of breaking away from traditional morality at an early age, but openly confesses her libertine philosophy.

"I think — and I am sure all switched-on girls will agree with me — that sex appeal has absolutely number one priority."

Clothing, she said, should do two things: "Have impact on others, fun for oneself."

And Mod-Mini fashions — or The Look, as Quant called it — does have an impact on others. Fashion photographer Irving Penn saw it this way: "It's spitting in the eye, protesting against bourgeois values and generations past, against the establishment. It's real protest. Much of the news isn't fit to print. Things are happening, and that's what the young are lifting their skirts about."

Bernard Barker, professor of sociology at Bernard University, saw it as a hedonistic revolution: "Not just the pure hedonist philosophy of eat, drink and be merry, but of anything that delights the eye and senses."

Nancy Benson, fashion editor of *Cosmopolitan*, was just as frank: "Women's lib hadn't flowered but girls were feeling frisky. And why not — the Pill was a tremendous liberator. Nice to show your legs — after all, *that* hadn't been around since 1945! It was *time*."



Eleanor Lambert, famed fashion publicist, summed it up this way: "Short skirts for every female showed the world that old tabus were dead. People were free of restraint, and tearing off clothes is a primitive, instinctive reaction."

"Hot pants" have not made an altogether, universal invasion of the churches — yet, but they are part and parcel of this whole rebellion. They do make the scene in some startling instances such as was evidenced by the photo circulated in the press: Kris Pfausch, a young girl in hot pants, and Chaplain J. Claude Evans, dancing to Rock music in the aisle of the Southern Methodist University's Perkin's Chapel following Holy Communion. But fashionists have been hot and heavy on pushing their sexually-oriented short-shorts.

Tommy Robert, an English advocate of the "free and easy" mod styles, said: "The thing with girls is that they want to show off their legs. It's as simple as that. So you do shorts."

In America, Fashionist Betsey Johnson has been responsible for channeling the fashion consciousness of young women in the '60s. Her confession is indicative: "How can you expect sanity to come out of insanity?"

Betsey Johnson was, among other items, the designer of the daring see-through knit dress and the backless bathing suit dress.

Another typical "mod designer" is Stephen Burrows, who remarked that the pop-and-op styles in clothes were the result of marijuana smoking: "When you go to a party and see the clothes people have got together, how can you deny it?" he asked.

Was Burrows joking? It has been said by Dr. Louis J. West, chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at UCLA, that marijuana causes "biological changes in brain function." "Organic brain change," says scientist Dr. Constandinos J. Miras of the University of Athens.

The trend towards nudity in clothing is largely evident because life has become increasingly pornographic (every woman is propagandized as a potential prostitute — every man a Tom Jones) — not only in clothing styles, but anything that has to do with the senses.

A national monthly magazine published a feature on the sexuality of "orange peeling" a few years ago. It was their opinion that you can tell a woman's sexual intentions by the way she peels and eats an orange. It is only one of the many significant tidbits of a society where bestselling books such as the *Sensuous Woman* (where bizarre and esoteric sex practices are told in detail for ladies to use) and *The Happy Hooker* (the very graphic autobiography of a busy prostitute) are the byword of the day.

Summing up the "death of traditional morality quite cogently was fashion writer Kathrin Perutz in *Beyond the Looking Glass*: "The *Cosmopolitan* girl and her swinging *Playboy* friend prowl the streets in their unisex outfits and matching sports cars, Don Juan and Donna Juana, seeking prey to find their power, forgetting Biafra culture, and the rest of it, as they plot how to extract a confession of love."

Perutz goes on to say, "With *Cosmopolitan*, distinctions end. Like *Playboy*, it appeals to all readers dedicated to the proposition: Sex, tough-minded and embellished with status symbols, is the essence. People of our sex are the only ones to be taken seriously and our most serious quest is the hunt for sexual trophies. The *Playboy* approach, amusing and offensive, carries on the he-man tradition popular in America and some Latin countries that makes a fetish of the male ability to penetrate a woman and ejaculate. Endowed with such a stunning trait, man is superior to woman — stronger, more intelligent, and free of the social and moral rules that naturally bind her. The world turns on the tip of the penis and it is woman's duty to keep the world looking up . . . symbols of virility: Money, fast sports cars, yachts and hard liquor.

"*Cosmopolitan* . . . American Amazons, of slight build and double breasted, stalk their men in black negligee and cold chains. The men should be handsome and rich, but when they aren't, anything will do. Because a woman is able to open her thighs or keep them closed, she must be revered. Pleasure and procreation are within her power entirely." (*Beyond the Looking Glass*, Kathrin Perutz, William Morrow and Co., Inc., New York, N.Y., 1970, \$7.95.)

Not all Mod-Mini wearers would consider themselves in such coldly sensuous terms, as some would consider themselves still fairly sympathetic to modest sexuality. Then it is best to see just what parts of the female anatomy are subject to innocent voyeurism (if that is possible), and when does voyeurism become something much more deadly?

Henry V. Sattler, speaking on behalf of Catholicism, said in *Parents, Children and the Facts of Life*: "Wanting to perform an impure action, or thinking with approval of anyone being impure, is a mortal sin."

A typical Baptist "Confession of Faith" says that "Unnatural lusts . . . unclean imaginations, thoughts . . . wanton looks . . . immodest apparel . . ." are strictly forbidden. This is typical of most Christianity. The Scriptures themselves are virtually permeated with admonitions upholding sexual modesty. The Book of Proverbs in the Old Testament is filled with guidelines on sexuality.

(continued on page 22)



# FORT -

## IFICATIONS

(continued from issue no. 12)

The hansom driver urged the equine team on to greater celerity on a true course back to London, though I could not yet envision in my mind's eye what provocative escapades lay ahead. What had begun as a placid evening at our Baker Street flat had metamorphosized into a most amazing series of circumstances. My confidant Mr. Sherlock Holmes had led the chase from the outset — the chase of some unworldly machine which we had witnessed silently take flight from the outskirts of the city to some destination unguessed. I could only assume that we were in pursuit of the elusive contraption and its alien occupant, but this was pure conjecture on my part, since to disturb Holmes' thoughtful concentration would prove unacceptable.

Holmes remained in the cataleptic state of cerebration for the balance of the uneventful journey, only occasionally taking the time to give instructions to the driver. The carriage stopped abruptly. Glancing out of the window, I could barely distinguish a structure of vague shape through a group of willows lining a pebbled drive.

"Careful now Watson. We must try to be as silent as possible, for unnecessary sounds could prove our downfall."

Alighting from the vehicle, Holmes motioned the carriage driver to move the hansom to a well-hidden side road. I followed as he noiselessly paced his way across the drive. As we passed, I noticed the sign above the wrought iron entrance gate and for the first time realized exactly where we were — etched in a weatherworn placard were the words "Regency Park Botanical Exhibit." What we were doing here I had not the slightest inclination, but Holmes apparently had some underlying motivation for his actions. We pressed on until I caught sight of the building which I had previously seen only as a spectre through the trees.

The enormity of the darkened edifice all but startled me; a massive ivy-colored stone structure surrounded by plants, bushes and trees of mind-boggling variety. In the daylight hours the effect would have been aesthetically pleasing, but in the



moonlight it gave a sinister atmosphere to the surroundings. Holmes raised his arm in my path as a gesture to halt further movement. We stood there in the darkness for many minutes and I could not hear nor see a sign of life. With the lowering of the limb we silently made our way to the eastern corner of the exhibit hall.

Holmes stood tense as an animal about to attack its prey. The time was near. Peering around the side of the building, a second astonishing sight met my eyes this night: There in front of us, near the service entrance to the exhibit house, rested the disc machine! Soon a muffled level of voices could be heard coming from the entranceway and two figures emerged carrying something in their hands. I could not identify the first one in the dim light, but the second person was wearing an immediately recognizable garb — a silver suit with a strange design on the right front!

Drawing his revolver Holmes leaped into the open and gave a shrill command, "Stand fast and do not make a move! You are under arrest for larceny! Watson, while I keep watch over our captors, please be so kind as to call Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard and inform him of our situation."

Back at 221B Baker Street, Holmes puffed thoughtfully on his pipe while running a bow across the violin perched upon his left shoulder. The blaze in the fireplace hearth was a welcome change from the gelidity of the night's air out of which we had just returned. Looking up from my copy of the *London Times* I felt that this was the proper point at which to query Holmes about the adventures of the evening.

"Holmes," I said somewhat reluctantly, "I am a bit puzzled about certain aspects of our recent actions. I wonder if you would oblige my curiosity and fill in a few details?"

Holmes lowered the violin to his side and settled back into his overstuffed armchair.

"Of course, dear fellow, exactly what details would you like to know?"

Somewhat embarrassed I grumbled, "All of them, blast it!"



With an engraved facial expression of unconcealed anticipation, I prepared myself for what I knew would be a logical, yet almost unbelievable narrative. With a slight smile crossing his lips, Holmes began the astounding account . . .

(to be concluded)

\* \* \*

Atlantis! Little did Plato realize what controversy he would initiate when he wrote the relatively short account of a continent which was supposed to have had its cataclysmic demise beneath the waters of a sea which lies beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Today if he could but see the thousands of books written, hear the countless debates and discussions, and read the theories, counter-theories, and counter-counter-theories generated as a result of his tale, his eyebrows would raise beyond the limits of his forehead. Whatever Plato had in mind when he wrote the narratives about Atlantis has been lost, and one can only conjecture on his true motives and sources of data.

And conjecture people have! The impact of Atlantis on literature throughout the ages is quite mind-boggling when you really take a close look at it. Henry M. Eichner decided to take such a look and spent years in search of the lost continent, utilizing clues as they existed in the form of the written word. The result is a book called *Atlantean Chronicles*.

The initial chapters deal with the author's reasons, ambitions and incentives for tackling the Atlantis "myth." This is followed by summaries of various geological theories — each with a positive approach to the possible existence of a large land mass in the Atlantic at some time in the remote past and its destruction.

Next come a captivating group of chapters which explore the theoretical location of Atlantis in places other than the Atlantic Ocean. Included are such seemingly unlikely propositions as Spain, the North Sea, Africa, the Americas, the Arctic, Great Britain, and of course Crete. As improbable as some of these suggestions sound at first, the authors who have proposed them can offer a reasonable amount of evidence as to their likelihood. It is indeed strange to find so many places which seem to correspond to Plato's description, and stranger yet to see how the cited facts can be fitted together to bolster such a theory — even a far-fetched theory.

A large section documents Atlantis in English and Foreign fictional literature and the book winds up with a nice, but not all-inclusive, bibliography.

*Atlantean Chronicles* is a *must* for Atlantologists, and a delight for the casual reader. Available

from Fantasy Publishers, Inc., 1855 West Main, Alhambra, California 91801, for \$9.50.

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When one takes into account the voluminous material which Henry Eichner must have assimilated in order to assemble a volume such as *Atlantean Chronicles*, one must respect his opinions of Atlantean literature. In *Atlantean Chronicles*, Eichner makes the following statement about *Atlantis, Mother of Empires* by Robert Stacy-Judd: "Without reservation, I consider this the finest book on Atlantology today."

After taking the time to read Stacy-Judd's monumental work myself, I can also make an identical statement without reservation.

The bulk of the volume is enough to frighten the average after-dinner armchair explorer — at least the 448-page 8½ x 11 format gave *me* a scare. How could such a lengthy volume on one subject hold a reader's attention? This thought crossed my mind, but I was determined to give it a chance. As the pages flipped by, I found that my fears were unfounded. The book not only held my attention, but after I had finished it, I wished that it had been longer.

Although *Atlantis, Mother of Empires* was first published in 1939, it has not lost any of its unusual flavor, nor has its penetrative analysis of seemingly obscure data deteriorated with the passage of the years. The facts Stacy-Judd chooses to investigate, the premise which these facts hang upon, and the final conclusions drawn are very similar to what has by now become a basic Atlantean literary form of the "old school."

Donnelly, Spence and other Atlantologists who stuck to the location of Atlantis in the Atlantic Ocean have followed much the same line of reasoning in presenting their cases.

The thing that makes *Atlantis, Mother of Empires* different is the manner of presentation; uncomplicated, well-organized, clear-cut, believable, and illustrated with appropriate diagrams and photographs. Naturally, as it is with any theorizing, groupings of facts alone do not prove anything. But then again, I find the reasoning behind the facts difficult, if not impossible, to disprove.

If I had to come up with one objection to the Atlantis-in-the-Atlantic theory, I would point out the lack of artifacts found under the Atlantic. Perhaps one day oceanography will advance to the point where this will no longer be an obstacle. Time will tell.

In my opinion a tip of the hat is due DeVorss & Co. for reprinting this outstanding volume of Atlantean literature — and reprinting it in such a



handsome format. The price is a rather high \$20.00, but considering the pricetags on most books these days, this one is a bargain. Order from the publisher — DeVorss & Co., 1641 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica, California 90404. You will not regret it.

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Perhaps the best news in years for Fortean researchers is the publication of a series of sourcebooks of Fortean material compiled by William R. Corliss. As of this writing, two books are in print: *Strange Phenomena — A Sourcebook of Unusual Natural Phenomena* and *Strange Artifacts — A Sourcebook of Ancient Man*.

The former deals with odd geophysical occurrences. Included are such true Fortean events as falls from the sky, gravitational anomalies, aerial anomalies, and strange cases of combustion. Other categories covered include electromagnetic phenomena, unusual odors, geological oddities, peculiar sounds, and anomalous weather conditions. Rather famous phenomena such as the Indian Ocean "light wheels" and the Barisal guns are also incorporated into the compilation, along with many more categories too numerous to mention.

The latter volume deals exclusively with anomalies of ancient man. Sections include such broad categories as anthropological evidence, geological artifacts, graphic artifacts, legends, manufactured artifacts and structural artifacts. Within these categories we find such intriguing material as fossil footprints, cupmarks, and out-of-place artifacts found in mounds. Famous megalithic structures such as Stonehenge, the vitrified Scottish forts, and the ruins of Tiahuanaco are a few of the specific topics detailed.

A word about the format: The volumes are bound in handsome loose-leaf type three-ring binders, making the addition of material an easy matter. All the categories and entries are coded with the author's own simplified system, and each volume has a subject, author and source index. The sources are primarily specialized journals and magazines with various articles and references quoted verbatim as they appeared in the originals. Many of the items used in these first two volumes are over 50 years old — a real boon to researchers with limited access to older material.

The sourcebooks are of tremendous importance to the Fortean researcher and should be in the hands of everyone interested in scientific anomalies. William Corliss plans on adding additional volumes to the series within a relatively short time. I cannot recommend this superlative investment enough. The idea and the execution are ex-

ceptional. It is about time someone did it.

*Strange Artifacts*, Vol. M-1 and *Strange Phenomena*, Vol. G-1 are available from William R. Corliss, P.O. Box 107, Glen Arm, Md. 21057 at \$6.95 each.

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T.C. Lethbridge's *The Legend of the Sons of God, a Fantasy* is odd. The author states that he wrote it approximately the same time that von Daeniken wrote *Chariots of the Gods?* and that the two are mutually exclusive. Unlike von Daeniken, Lethbridge keeps making excuses and apologizing for his ideas — always being sure to get across that they are merely *suggestions*.

Even the subtitle, "*a Fantasy?*" reinforces this preoccupation. Perhaps this helps to explain why *The Legend of the Sons of God* remains obscure. The book itself is fascinating and deserves more recognition. The author has some unusual notions on various subjects: The building of Stonehenge, the purpose of megalithic cromlechs, craters on the moon and, of course, who were the Sons of God. The volume is a slim 118 pages and it sells for \$5.95. From Routledge & Kegan Paul, Ltd., Mead Building, Lawrence, Ma. 01843.

\* \* \*

#### HIPPOPOTOMONSTROSESQUIPEDALIAN WORDS ARE BETTER THAN PODOBROHMID- ROSIS OR ONE MEASURES A CIRCLE BE- GINNING AT THE LOWER LEFT-HAND CORNER.

*The Spaceships of Ezekiel* by Josef F. Blumrich — Examination of the biblical UFO sighting made by Ezekiel, from a NASA Aerospace Engineer. Excellent. Bantam Books, Inc., 414 East Golf Road, Des Plaines, Ill. 60016 at \$1.95.

*In Search of Ancient Mysteries* by Alan and Sally Lansburg — Extension of the NBC-TV special of the same name, it deals with more evidence for the theory of extraterrestrial manipulation of human history. Also from Bantam — \$1.50.

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— Paul J. Braczyk



## THE WAY THINGS ARE

By Geneva Steinberg

---



Ever notice how philosophers are always talking about the "path" and the "way," while most of us prefer to focus on the maps and travel guides. We're secretly afraid that anything approaching self-realization would force us to give up our favorite forms of pettiness, and *then* what would we do for fun?

But "freedom" means exactly that. We are free to do anything we want. Nobody is pointing the finger of blame at us except we *ourselves*. "Judge not that you be not judged." How true it is.

Now at some early point along our development, people become consciously aware that we generally get along better in the long run if we refrain from doing some things that might be tempting at any particular moment — like lying, stealing, killing, and so forth. So word got around that when a person felt like doing any of these things, it would be smart to stop and think it over. To be effective, these teachings had to be ingrained *before* the opportunity to err was actually present. So far, so good. The less permanent damage has been done, the easier it is to repair misunderstandings. But then . . . the principle was taken too far.

We no longer say, "Stealing is likely to make life less pleasant for yourself and others, so you would be wise to find another way to get what you want." Now we say, "A thief is a bad person, a sinner, and we must see to it that he is properly punished; because if criminals can go free, there is no justice in the world."

Instead of saying, "This style of life has been found to work fairly well for those suited to it," we say, "If you do not follow our rules, you are a boor, a rebel, a degenerate!"

We may be talking about the same "rules" in either case. The difference is THE WAY we apply them. And the tragic thing is that when people finally became aware of the vindictiveness of their approach to these situations, it is much easier to change their words than their attitudes. Thus, during the Inquisition, heretics were tortured to death not to punish them for their sins, but to "save their

souls." Only rarely do we run into frank maliciousness, but there are countless injuries done to us daily "for our own good."

Moral and legal precepts have their place, properly applied. But improperly applied, they can do far more harm than good. As you might suspect, I think our current set-up is grossly missing the point.

"Moral teachings" have little effect on the worst of our destructiveness. We may not cheat on our income tax, and we may go to church on Sunday — but the same set of rules may also cause us to ostracize the unwed welfare mother, and send us packing guns to Vietnam to Kill For Peace.

True, there are some who will not fight just to avoid social disapproval. But most people will fight to save themselves; and almost all of us would fight to protect our loved ones. Only a few gentle souls will retreat into a catatonic trance rather than do battle for any reason.

But these are temperamental differences between people. They do not reflect our "moral" qualities. They do suggest the wisdom of placing the naturally violent person in a situation where either he will not be provoked, or his aggression can be constructively directed. They also suggest the wisdom of making available for the non-competitive person a way of life where he will not be threatened beyond his endurance.

Yes, we have "Free Will." We do have the option of taking responsibility for our own lives, though few choose to go that way. But rationally, now, it might not hurt to take into consideration that *people do have natural limits* — which vary from person to person, according to their development and natural endowment. Instead of asking "Why do people do such awful things?!" in self-righteous disbelief, and devising suitable punishments, it might not hurt to consider just why *do* people do those awful things — and how can they be helped not to?

I am not advocating "bleeding-hearts" soft-headedness — just suggesting that there is a big difference between trying to share what you feel is a good way of living, and railing at other people for



their depravity in choosing to do it some other way!

And here's the funny part: It doesn't matter much which style of life you choose for yourself. What is important is THE WAY you handle it! The current set of standards is certainly not "healthy for children and other living things" if you stick to them literally . . . but many people may find it quite possible to lead lives that are outwardly fairly conventional, without compromising themselves unduly — if they take the social system as *guidelines* instead of *rules*. Similarly, if you were living among less civilized people, like the headhunters (or even more civilized people, like the Samoans), you would try to manage your own affairs without disrupting the natives unnecessarily. You would undoubtedly be inconvenienced, but you could probably get by OK. You certainly wouldn't mistake their rules for your own!

Life-style. For all its shortcomings, this civilization offers more choices than were ever possible before. You can be a business executive; you can be a hippie. You can be a factory worker; you can be an artist. You can be a dope dealer or a member of the Vice Squad. You can be a priest or a prostitute. A bum or a social worker. You can be this, you can be that . . . . And if you are happy with what you're doing, consider yourself very, very lucky. But don't assume all the others are misguided souls, wasting their lives away. Some of THEM may have the nerve to be happy, too!

Unfortunately, I do have the impression that few people, in *whatever* categories, are really happy. They're trying too hard to fit time-honored behavior patterns that might once have been just about perfect — for somebody else. It is a tragic commentary on our vast potential for love, that we stand so ready to distort ourselves to satisfy other people's concepts of what we should be like.

You see, there are two ways a social network may be set up. One is called *synergetic* . . . in such a system, by promoting his own good, the individual also promotes the good of society, and vice versa. (There are some who attribute this quality to Capitalism or the Free-Enterprise system. Personally, I can't see it.) The other we might call *dysergetic* . . . the needs of society and the needs of the individual are at variance. This is, unfortunately, the situation most of us are in now.

The only way to achieve a measure of contentment in a dysergetic society is not to fight it (you will get stomped), but to ignore it as much as possible. You do have to be alert to its hazards, but you try not to let it affect you more than necessary. And this stacks the cards in an unnatural way.

In a synergetic society, I don't think there

would be much "individualism" for its own sake. If society were fulfilling your needs, there would be no reason to stand against it. And the talented people to have the most positive influence would be those who were by nature most cooperative. Now the opposite is true.

The person who is highly sociable by nature is easily sucked into the delusional framework of a dysergetic society, and his best talents are lost. Only those misfits with a strong streak of natural cussedness manage to keep their heads above water. They may, if they're lucky, succeed in finding a way out for themselves; they may even teach other people by their example. But they are too selfish to contribute much except by accident.

The irony is that under the present circumstances, these misfits may enjoy the fruits of human companionship more than those who are naturally sociable . . . because the sociable people are forever trying to *do it by the rules*, which just doesn't work.

\* \* \*

Once I heard a joke that went sort of like this:

There is a ranch family sitting in front of the fireplace after supper. They hear a dog howling in the distance. Pa says, "Ma, why don't you go outside and see what's ailin' that dog? I'm just too tired to move." Ma says, "Sis, why don't you go outside and see what's ailin' that dog? I'm just too tired to move." Sis says, "Junior, why don't you go outside and see what's ailin' that dog? I'm just too tired to move." So Junior goes outside, and after a few moments the howling stops. He comes back and sits down again by the fire. Finally Pa says, "Well — what was the matter with the dog?"

Junior replies: "He was sittin' on a cactus. He was just too tired to move."

Most people are sitting on a cactus of one kind or another. We take great pride in our cacti, and try to inflict them on our children as early as possible. Of course we hope they will choose to sit on a high-class cactus; we have little use for those who choose the poorer specimens! Since almost everybody carries around his own portable cactus seat, whenever we see anybody without one, we can only assume that he must have a very tiny, invisible cactus stashed away somewhere, and are unsure how to treat him: Is it a puny, stunted, low-status cactus, or a rare, exotic, well-bred variety? We feel very uncomfortable in his presence. Usually we try not to remark on his deficiency. If we should question him about it and be told that a cactus is unnecessary, we can hardly believe our ears. *Doesn't everybody?* He must have one somewhere and not be aware of it. How could he face the world



without one?

We are discouraged from leaving our own cactus chairs, because pulling ourselves off them is very painful and leaves ugly wounds which rarely heal without scars. And somehow, we just wouldn't feel right about it . . .

And so we stay, believing it to be the human condition to sit on cacti. We howl about it. We accuse our parents and Society, who did undeniably trick us into taking our seats there. But maybe our worst fear is that if we ever extricate ourselves from this particular cactus, we might soon fall onto a bigger one! And there's no denying we might. However, discovering that we have stupidly sat on a cactus is not quite so bad as deciding to set up housekeeping there!

Wilhelm Reich wrote the truth when he said: "Everybody prepares himself in early life to remain

sitting, comfortably if possible . . . No [animal] could do the sitting man does. They would dry up and die right away."

Am I being heartless about all those people who "slave their lives away"? Aren't they the victims of circumstance? To some extent, true. Usually they did not deliberately initiate their difficulty. But usually they *do* tend to perpetuate it! Just take some of those poor unfortunates and try to show them a way out of their difficulties. I guarantee that in 99 cases out of 100, you will hear an awe-inspiring stream of "yes-buts." They don't want to succeed nearly as much as they want to make sure to have a good excuse in case they should fail. Of course, excusing our failures means we can't learn much from them, but that's life (or is it??)

Well — now what was *your* excuse? — GS

\* \* \* \* \*

#### (NASA: The Star Trek Syndrome — *continued from page 9*)

the taxpayer — and generates additional funds for other NASA projects.

With the Skylab program successfully completed, the next orbiting operations base will be developed, in part, by our cousins in West Europe. Spacelab, as it's to be christened, will be a larger, more complex version of the Skylab space station.

The Spacelab and Space Shuttle will become, for all practical purposes, two units in the same whole. Astronauts will travel into Earth orbit aboard the shuttle and be docked with the laboratory, later to be returned to Earth in an aircraft-style glide approach.

The shuttle era will bring about another, and as yet little considered development — that of

the shuttlecraft pilot. A special breed of character, these men won't be true astronauts, nor will they be basic aircraft pilots, but the age they herald may well extend for several centuries to come.

In essence, the shuttle-ship pilots will be the forerunners, the first of the space captains, having absolute authority over their craft and retaining substantial control over the passengers — if any — and cargo. As with present-day airline pilots, these men (and perhaps women) will carry the always heavy burden of safety and responsibility for their charges and crew. The shuttle will become their life, their mode of escape in a very real sense from all that transpires on the world below.

*(to be concluded)*

\* \* \* \* \*

#### (IS THERE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH? — *continued from page 10*)

have been coming here in such numbers and for so long because we are so fascinating! It's either "humanity the valuable species" or "humanity the marvelous zoo!" Rather than believe rank indifference, rather than admit the primitive state of humanity, it is much easier to suspect advanced peoples of spending millenia and much expensive sneaking about to conquer and enslave a much inferior species.

Thus it is that we must face the only explanation for the UFOs which will withstand the law known as Occam's Razor: "That explanation for a phenomenon which fully explains it with the least complication is most likely to be correct." (For

you folks who've read this worded differently, please bear with me since I'm quoting it from memory.)

The human species has been around for a long time and has had a lot of experience with our transient neighbors — yet there's no proof that these beings have had any more real effect on us than Bigfoot, the Sasquatch, whose primary influence seems to lie in the way their presence affects our *curiosity*. For we are not only builders of fantasies, but most voraciously curious creatures who seem to never be content when Occam's Razor has whittled away the last of our own wild fantasies — We may become perhaps another creature entirely!



To paraphrase an old popular cry: "It's very

interesting, but is it (sm)art?

— Shirley Tabor

\* \* \* \* \*

### (HOW TO IGNORE REALITY — *continued from page 13*)

combed with the borings of a dozen separate eras of civilization, now forgotten. In these ancient borings once lived most of the huge population of Earth, conserving the total surface for crop raising to feed them all.

Today all this is hidden and secret from us, used only by the UFO crews and a population long hag-ridden by the secrecy imposed upon them from the powers-that-be. This population is perhaps the only hope for a liveable reality left on Earth, and we know nothing much about it, except myths and fables, fairy tales and discredited tales like "Thomas the Rhymer."

Reality is a populace with their minds bemused by telaugmentive devices used by degenerate creatures hiving in those "secret" warrens. Mind mutilation is common, done long range by idiot things who pick up the devices in ancient abandoned hospitals in the underworld, the same underworld called "Hell" in Christian mythology and "Hel" in Norse mythology.

Reality is a people knowing nothing of their own abuse and condition, knowing nothing of the real threat of the UFOs, and knowing nothing of the facts behind the mythos called religion.

Reality is a tide of abuse in today's world, people forced into drug addiction against their own will by the false will imposed upon them by the "non-existent" telaugmentive devices used to sabotage all progress and all racial growth and intelligence.

To ignore all this ugly reality of abuse and mind-slavery and drug addiction forced on people who would otherwise be useful and upright citizens, has been much too easy for our feather-bed ignoramuses who say they "know nothing about it" — although they spent one hell of a lot of our tax money investigating this, that and the other

useless avenues of escape from reality.

How to ignore what destroys us all constantly is their main concern, it seems. We should give them all a hand, and concentrate upon Raquel Welch's belly button — though why I should drag such an estimable creature into this foul discussion of reality I can't quite fathom.

So, to help you ignore reality I can only counsel — go on as you are, ignorant of everything but the idiot box called TV and consuming endless amounts of garbage packaged so neatly and labeled with such an idiotic high price.

You must never estimate just how much corn at the feed-mill priced at two to four cents a pound is in a box of 75c corn flakes. You are to ignore all these discrepancies with some big modern word like "irrelevant." Everything today is "irrelevant," you may have noticed. Irrelevant to what or whom is never clear.

To me it's relevant to reality that a pound of corn costs four cents or so one place and 75c another place.

And to me it is relevant that at the feed mill you can get a shot of medicine for your cow for \$1.00 that at the doctor's office costs *me* \$12 to \$25. It's relevant!

Why *we* people have to be such big suckers and ignore reality I can't quite fathom. I feel irrelevant.

It is as if we were all being led to the slaughter house by a cute bell-weather, a Judas goat with a bell on the collar. That bell keeps singing out, "It's irrelevant, what is awaiting you all the next time we declare a dividend on munitions."

Somehow I suspect we ignore reality too much, and think about comfort and pleasure too much.

Maybe Nader has something.

— RSS

\* \* \* \* \*

### (THE MORALITY OF THE MINI — *continued from page 15*)

Elsewhere we are told to care for the sick and "clothe" the poor. Revelation 16:15, in metaphor, tells us to retain garments.

Hitting at the crux of the matter are Christ's own words: "Anyone who even looks at a woman with lust in his eye has already committed adultery with her in his heart."

That's pretty strong language. Might there

be some scientific evidence that Mod-Mini fashions tend to force people to break Christ's commandment?

Undoubtedly, there are those who would remind us of the day when a wink, a flip of the eyelash, or the sight of a "well-turned ankle" would send some men into sexual arousal. Remember when they even covered the legs of tables?



The truth is that because ladies were so fully clothed, men did visually "grab" at any minute pieces of feminine flesh to project their thoughts upon. If the nape of the neck or the bare ankle, was all he had to go on, well enough. It had sufficed till the dawn of the bikini swim suit, topless models, and prolific pornography — the popularity of which shows that lust does not die out, but grows upon itself. Along this point, the consensus is unanimous.

Joseph B. Trainer, professor of Medicine at the University of Oregon, discovered that the sex drive was almost constant among men. For men up to 35, a sexual thought happens on the average of once every 10 minutes. Robert W. Nolan, management consultant, found that up to one hour a day was lost from productivity due to leg watching among male office workers.

Even more convincing was the fact discovered by the sex researchers Masters and Johnson that men were stimulated easily by sexually attractive parts of the female anatomy, "... by a sexually stimulating sight or by an erotic train of thought. It occurs within seconds, regardless of the nature of

of the stimulation." (*Human Sexual Response*, New American Library, New York, N.Y.)

With these facts in mind, unless you advocate libertinism, there isn't much to say in defense of the Mod-Mini fashions, no matter how marvelous it is to admire God's handiwork, the human body.

Voyeurism might not be totally disavowed by the Christian, but at least the main thrust of his action away from adulterous or perverse viewing is important. It is, however, precisely because the body is a "special" creation, we should give it special attention. St. Paul saw the union of husband and wife as miniature symbolism of the mystical union of Christ with His Church. "The body is for the Lord," said St. Paul, "and the Lord for the body."

Kerry Elliott seems to have gotten the message when he said, "To flaunt sexuality in public is a betrayal of your femininity, not an endorsement. It is like playing the tuba on the subway to prove that you're a musician.

"It isn't honest to expose a man to the aroma of steak and apple pie . . . and then accuse him of being a glutton because he licks his lips." — SE

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**FLASHES:** Next issue, we're featuring an interview with Charles Honorton, Research Director of the ESP research lab at Maimonides Medical Center in Brooklyn, N.Y. The place has been written up in such publications as *Time* magazine, and we decided to do an in-depth study of their work. The interview includes photos of actual experiments, and demonstrates that scientists have finally awakened to the fact that ESP isn't an old wives tale, but something real, and something we ought to at least try to understand.

— James Moseley, one of our charter staff members, has resigned, due to "deeply personal psychological reasons." He is replaced by Penny Novack, who has become our staff *Yenta*.

— Readers with an eye for details will notice

a brand new type face this issue. It's known in the trade as "Universe," and is becoming increasingly popular in both magazines and newspapers. The title suits the contents of our magazine, we think, and makes for a sharper, more readable appearance.

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# CULTURE CORNER

## FROM OUTER SPACE

By Howard Menger — Pyramid Books, 919 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022 — first published in 1959 — \$1.25 — Reviewed by Eugene Steinberg.

Perhaps it would be a good idea for you to read my editorial on page four before coming to this book review. My comments there should set the tone for what is to follow.

When I started writing these comments, I thought to myself: "Should I really blame Pyramid Books for all this?" Certainly, the time is ripe to bring out any UFO-oriented volume one might have in the archives to see if it won't find a willing audience in this day and age. I can't fault the publishers for trying to cash in on a ready market, but why-oh-why did they have to choose this work?

If you read the publicity flyers sent out by Pyramid about this book, or even the front and back covers, you would be led to believe that Howard Menger is sharing with us what he considers to be a true experience.

Until you check with Howard Menger that is!

It is very true that Menger was one of the better known flying saucer contactees of the 1950s. One issue of *Saucer News* (one of the most widely circulated magazines then) called him "the Jersey Adamski," an apt appellation for a man who could only be compared to the late pioneer of the contact fringe of Ufology.

So this book, published originally in 1959 by Gray Barker, was eagerly awaited and its limited edition quickly sold out. (Pyramid bought the rights from Barker in 1967, during another UFO wave.)

Menger is an engaging and articulate writer, and — while part of this might be credited to editor/publisher Gray Barker — the book moves along often like a fast-paced thriller rather than an account of an actual series of events.

It was during an appearance on the old Long John Nebel TV show in New York that Menger himself sparked the aura of mystery and suspicion that today surrounds his book.

Suddenly his "genuine" meetings with benevolent extraterrestrial beings became less than genuine. Menger suggested that he might have been misled, perhaps by the military, perhaps by some other agency, and that he really didn't encounter any people from outer space at all.

In the early 1960s, UFO writer Jim Moseley and I had lunch with Menger during one of his infrequent trips to the New York area (he has since moved to Florida). Alas, he was just as nebulous then as he was in his interview with Long John. Later on, *Saucer News* published a few articles purportedly recounting Menger's attempts to create a model of a flying saucer, and word reached us at the time that a new book was being prepared.

The new book, Menger claimed, would blow the lid on the whole "High Bridge affair," as it came to be called. The truth about *From Outer Space* would be revealed, and we would finally understand why Menger coined the term "fact-fiction" to describe it.

That book never appeared, though Menger's wife Connie has, of late, come out with another volume bearing the amusing "fact-fiction" label — we haven't seen it yet! We understand, though, that at least one Florida newspaper gave it a rave review, so we're hoping that the Mengers, if they see this article, will send us a copy.

I am also looking forward to a few answers from him about all this — and perhaps they may someday be forthcoming.

As to *From Outer Space*, I regretfully suggest that you pass it by for the time being, at least until its status becomes a bit more clearly defined.

— Eugene Steinberg

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## PLANET IN TROUBLE — The UFO Assault on Earth

By Jerome Eden — Exposition Press, Inc., 50 Jericho Turnpike, Jericho, N.Y. 11753 — 1973 — \$7.50 — Reviewed by Geneva Steinberg.

This book is a good basic background for those who would like to become more familiar with the work of Wilhelm Reich without searching through his own writings. But I'm not so sure about the title theme.

Reich believed that UFOs were draining the Earth of Life Energy and systematically destroying it. This may be true. But at this point, all we know is that UFOs are often found in a DOR (Deadly Orgone Energy) area. That doesn't necessarily mean they are the cause of it. Maybe they feed on the stuff — that could also explain why they like to hang around nuclear power plants. Whether they are friends or foes, however, Jerome Eden is right in emphasizing that we cannot afford to ignore the phenomenon.

But I am a little disturbed by his suggestions that the public try to mobilize the government to take action about the UFOs and the principles discovered by Reich.

Reich was a genius, true, but even geniuses make mistakes, and I think he made a whopper when he came up with the idea of an Emotional Plague Prevention Office. This would supposedly protect emotionally healthy people from harassment by neurotics.

Can you just picture this program being put into effect by the people who brought us Watergate?

So long as the government doesn't accept UFOs and Orgone Energy, those people who are knowledgeable are free to act as they see fit. Just wait till Uncle Sam gets into the act and starts issuing licenses and permits and filling law books with regulations thought up by professional administrators without an ounce of practical knowledge.

I strongly encourage anyone who



is seriously interested in following up the discoveries of Reich to contact Mr. Eden for more information. But I hope we can leave Washington out of it!

— Geneva Steinberg

\* \* \*

### SECRETS OF EGO POWER & CONTROL

By Kenneth W. Willoughby — Exposition Press, Inc., 50 Jericho Turnpike, Jericho, N.Y. 11753 — 1973 — \$3.00 — Reviewed by Geneva Steinberg.

I used to wonder about self-help books. The authors always sounded so enthusiastic, so sure of themselves; the advice always sounded so simple, so good — and it never worked. Were all those writers just trying to rip off the public?

I thought so for a long time. But now I suspect a lot of those "magic tricks" do work wonders — for those who write about them. But in most cases, if we were able to follow their advice, we wouldn't need it!

Kenneth Willoughby strikes me as a very sincere man who has gained a lot of knowledge during his lifetime of experience. But what he knows just can't be fit between the pages of one book. He can only give brief outlines that may point you in the right direction. And this book is a good idea fund, chock full of things worth following up for further study. I think my favorite part was the description of how the "Aura" can be used to compress time during a long trip!

No magic formulas are offered in this book; just a lot of useful ideas. If you want them to have any effect on your life, you will have to lay the foundations yourself. Don't expect to walk on water before you learn to swim!

— Geneva Steinberg

\* \* \*

### THE SCANDAL OF SCIENTOLOGY

By Paulette Cooper — Tower Publications, Inc., 185 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016 — 1972 — 95c — Reviewed by Steve Erdmann.

Miss Cooper presents a rather sordid picture of the rapidly growing belief in Scientology. Based on the book by L. Ron Hubbard, the founder of the Church of Scientology (*Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health*), the organization has rapidly grown into a worldwide religion-tech-

nology with millions of members.

The principal tenets of the group, according to the Scientologists, are reincarnation and a belief that man is a spiritual being (not just an owner of an alleged soul) called "Thetan." The Thetan, however, is "blackened" by many poor memories, bad past experiences over many lives that are collectively retained in the "reactive mind," similar though not identical to Freud's subconscious. When these bad memories or fears are abated or removed through the use of a skin-galvanometer called an "E-meter," and through extensive "queries," the person becomes completely healthy.

Paulette Cooper portrays a rather sinister organization with a paranoid founder, Hubbard, who leads a James Bond (Goldfinger) cloak-and-dagger-type existence. It would also appear like something out of a Michael Caine spy movie: Hubbard's aides are said to gather an extensive file on members and to confront them with an avalanche of very intimate information, gathered during secretive "pastoral counseling sessions." During these sessions, clients hold onto tin cans attached to the E-meter and register their body electricity on the meter's scale.

It means quite a lot to the Scientology Reverends, says Cooper, but impartial authorities say the E-meter is totally worthless as a reliable scientific instrument. And some of the blackmail tactics are quite nefarious, she says, such as hiring private detectives to gather personal and unsavory information on their clients.

There are threats, if they criticize Scientology, and lawsuits if they are really outspoken. But worst of all, says Cooper, is the "brainwash" or "mental rape" that Scientologists put their clients through, making them all but zombies who are forced to rotely obey the commands of a highly authoritarian organization. Psychiatrists are mocked and jeered at — as well as most other groups who criticize Scientology.

Paulette Cooper's book has been named in a \$1.5 million libel action pressed by Scientology. In response, she has filed a \$15.4 million suit of her own — for harassment.

What fate lies in store for prospective Scientology members? The book tells the story of a young girl who was kidnapped aboard the *Sea Org* (a flag ship of floating Scientology), and after repeated attempts to send messages out for help, she resigned herself to imprisonment as one of the "totally free." The disciplinary

actions against members who breach Scientology ethics can be a mild chastizement by wearing a red arm band — to an alleged "cell" hidden in the ship's basements — or to total financial ruin. Hubbard is so vindictive against psychiatry, says Cooper, because many Scientologists have gone insane. She points to an Australian report around 1968 that condemned Scientology as "perverted and illfounded."

On the other side of the coin, a Scientology representative told me the Cooper book was a "tissue of lies" and "one of the dirtiest mud-slinging attempts" they have ever faced.

One possible reason Cooper is preoccupied with accusations against Hubbard and Scientologists as "sex perverts," according to the spokesman, is the fact that she has a rather unsavory background as a "nude pin-up" girl — and her publisher is supposed to be one of the biggest porntainers of pornography in America.

He also labeled as false her claims against Scientology Reverends, who Cooper accuses of almost everything from sexual molestation to assault and battery.

In one case, the spokesman says he knew the accused Reverend in question and found Cooper's claims to be totally false. In another case, a supposed critic of Scientology, as quoted in the book, has given Scientology an affidavit attesting to its reliability. Psychiatry is so cool towards Scientology, he claims, because they are far less capable of curing the mentally ill.

But my complaint against this type of therapy isn't political as such. It seems that the organization has gone through quite a bit of persecution. For a while, Scientology was a dirty word. But they've been winning court cases against their critics. The future in this respect doesn't seem so bleak.

My concern is more Scriptural, and Scientology is not a prime target, but one of many. As a matter of Biblical prophecy, and therefore history, Scientology is part and parcel of what apocalyptic religion has referred to as "Babylon" — End Time intellectual furor and philosophy that heralds the end of the age mentioned in II Peter 2:1-2, II Peter 2:19, Hebrews 13:8-9, and many others.

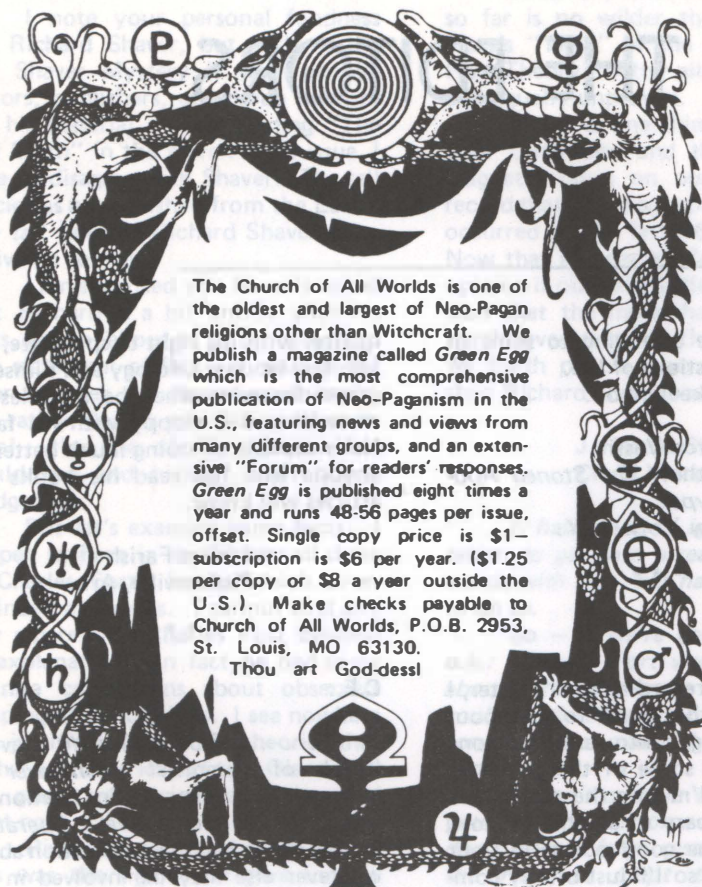
Sociologists will argue about the merits of Scientology. Politicians will barter.

But Scripturally, there is no doubt.

— Steve Erdmann

\* \* \*





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# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Geneva,

You seem to be a decent and life-affirming group of folks. And if **Caveat Emptor** provides a focus for your energies, then it is its own justification.

As far as Ufology proper, well, what can I say? Were a fleet of the most preposterous creatures from a different dimension entirely to land on the Earth tomorrow, I'm sure no one with any intelligence would exhibit the slightest bit of surprise. After all, we do inhabit a rather enormous universe, and it's probably only one of countless universes in creation. And even at that, we do not yet approach the prime mystery of Being itself.

Also, what difference would such an appearance make in the human condition? Would we become less greedy, less foolish, less insensitive? These are problems we must solve ourselves, are they not?

That you pit yourself against the institutionalized stupidity of the government and scientific establishment doesn't do you all that much credit, for don't you have to stoop to contend at that level? Besides, the actual ships are not the point; what is germane is to be open to emanations from other life forms, from other spheres. We might begin with species on this very planet before getting all hot and bothered about visitors from other systems. For example, how many of your staff is still eating meat, abetting the vile slaughter that takes place across the nation so that doltish humans can stuff their faces with hamburger?

From the photos in your magazine, you all appear rather young, and thus you can be excused a bit of wool-gathering. So long as you don't take the vehicle too seriously, you can even be excused the number of trees that have to be cut to put out your publication, and the amount of garbage which accumulates in its printing, sale, distribution, and disposal. But I assume that beneath all this fan-

farade, you *are* attending to some of the serious questions of life.

Keep on keepin' on.

Marco Vassi  
Author, *The Stoned Apocalypse*  
New York, N.Y.

\* \* \*

Dear Gene:

... With regard to Keel's letter, I don't have all that much to say about it. I could go into another long "tirade" about some of the things he mentions, but I'm sure the readers are getting a bit weary of all this by now. You made some good points in your editorial notes, so I'll just briefly comment on one or two points which Keel has brought up:

1) KLEE — Keel brought up the subject, then says he has "never written about" it! The North American claims of KLEE reception were "based upon letters," so they are automatically suspect, according to Keel. In other words, any information contained in a letter is probably unreliable. Well, isn't that what I said in discussing Keel's letter?! Actually, Keel's explanation of "skip" signals is woefully lacking in substance. "Skip" is a real-time phenomenon, i.e., when a TV viewer in New York picks up Orlando, Florida on his set, he is seeing the program which is *originating at that moment* in Orlando. There is no lapse of several years, as was the case with the claimed receptions of KLEE signals.

2) Comparing UFO-zines with newsletters devoted to matchbook collecting is like comparing apples to oranges. They are both forms of fruit, but what else do they have in common? The comparison just doesn't hold water.

I quite agree with your editorial comment that Keel comes up with some fascinating ideas at times. And, like you, I am perfectly willing to consider anything he has to say. I do not

quarrel with his right to speculate, but I do feel he does Ufology and himself a grave disservice when he muddles his material and is sloppy with his facts. He is capable of doing much better, as anyone who has read his books and articles will know.

Lucius Farish  
Plumerville, Ark.

\* \* \*

C.E.:

... UFOs *definitely* have a "stink of demons." *Whatever* or *wherever* else may be in relation to them, that is true. Keel's *Operation Trojan Horse* had the speculation about whatever else may be involved in the fraud where UFOs come from may involve all kinds of deep assumptions of the human race. Very likely!

What I've been thinking about a lot is politics, which *does* have a lot to do with the occult. We all know about the secret society conspiracy thing, and have doubtless read people like Ray Palmer linking the Conspiracy to the Sinister Silence Group. Anybody who cares to chase down the Pilgrim Society or the Council of Foreign Relations will not be bored. But even more interesting is that there is a *counter* non-conspiracy of anarchists, libertarians, syndicalists and the like floating around in incredible numbers. I tend to feel that all of us: Anarchists, Ufonuts, sf fans, non-establishment feminists, etc., are fighting the same enemy. Of course, the Communist radicals feel the same way, but the KGB knows better! Despite all our differences, I believe as America inevitably loses its government in the coming deterioration, we will all be one non-group group, and the Trotskyite-Mafiosi types the other ....

Peter Sutherland  
Winchester, Mass.

\* \* \*



Dear Gene & Geneva:

I note your personal fondness for Richard Shaver, but I think the real Shaver Mystery is why people, editors, publishers, etc., keep publishing his material. After reading "The Tall Earth" in the March-April issue, I have to disagree with Shaver. The tall specie has not vanished from the Earth. The *tall* tales of Richard Shaver seem to live on forever.

I am surprised you haven't noted that Richard is a bit untidy with his facts, and not about to be pinned down to a statement of fact. It must be the filter he uses. It strains your credulity rather fine so you can swallow it. Sure! I'm one of the pedants that would run and hide if a Troll was dredged up.

But let's examine some facts: I happen to have in my library all three of Charles Fort's books which cover by index all events. I cannot find any way where that Charles Fort avoided an explanation. In fact he had some definite conclusions about observers jumping at conclusions. I see nowhere any justification for the theories that Richard Shaver leaped to. Giant people, giant trees, giant evolution and what-not.

Richard's second bit of untidiness was the figures he gave for the force of gravity. 52 feet per second isn't even realistic! The real figure is 31 feet per second/per second and that hasn't changed for centuries. Furthermore, in order to sustain orbit at a stationary point requires a velocity of orbit in excess of 6,000 miles per hour or about 10 times the velocity to "Ker-plop" at a given point, if the fall was straight down.

It also requires an orbit about 20 to 22,000 miles above the Earth. But I guess that is where Richard's filter comes in. Just ignore the facts or say whatever you like. Why bother me with all this detail.

The third point is where Shaver got his information that the moon has licked the Earth at least seven times is not made clear. I was completely pooped when I finished chasing Richard around the perimeter of his theories. Us pedants just don't like this kind of stuff. It scares the hell out of us. We would much prefer scientifically approved ideas like the "Black Holes in Space," or some other hair-brained idea generated by venerated scientific theoretical geniuses. At least we could speculate whether it was a good idea to abandon the Vortex theory. I wonder what Richard has to say about the "singularity" that occurs in the "Black

Hole" theory. It could be interesting.

After all, what Richard has said so far is no wilder than George Gamow's "Ylem" or the current "Black Hole Theory." After all, it is all theory and equally unproven.

There is one thing you can sink your teeth into and that is that the magnetic tapes on our ocean floors record that 171 magnetic reversals have occurred in the last 76 million years. Now that is *recorded* fact. And in my opinion it outweighs Richard's assumption that the moon has bounced the Earth seven times in the past. I think we Earth people have more problems than Richard knows about.

J. Harold Claborne  
Chula Vista, Calif.

*(I have tried to ignore the temptation to get into a real hot battle of words with you, but haven't been able to do so.*

*So — if we're going to nit-pick, o.k.: Charles Fort wrote four books about strange events, not three! It could be that the book you don't have contains the material Shaver writes about.*

*I won't quibble with the figures you give for the force of gravity. We don't have a large research staff, and the error just crept through. As for Shaver, he no doubt relied upon his not-always-perfect memory to come up with the figures used in his article. The error, though, does not invalidate his thesis, because it could [if true] work equally well whatever the force of gravity is.*

*Sorry you got so "pooped" chasing down Richard's source for his moonfall theory. If you read our interview with him in a previous issue, you'd have the answer as to the source of his material — Rock Books and contact with the subsurface world. Even if you don't agree that these sources are authentic, you have to concede that Shaver believes it.*

*Just about all our scientific knowledge was theory at one time — a lot of it still is. If we didn't have theories, we'd have very few proven facts nowadays. — ERS)*

\*\*\*

Dear Gene:

Apparently some of *Caveat Emptor's* readers do not understand the problem of limited space, nor the intention of my column. Specifically, the letter from Chris Riesbeck. "Fortifications is not a book review column,

per se, but a means of providing the readers with as much info on available material as possible, along with touches of entertainment to keep it from becoming too dry. *Caveat Emptor* has a book review section, and in it book reviewers can afford the space to go into specifics a lot more than I can in a paragraph or two. As book reviews go, my mention of *Crash Go The Chariots* is a pretty terrible review. I think, however, that I accomplished my goal — namely, letting the readership know that a book called *Crash Go The Chariots* exists and stating my personal opinion of its worth in one or two sentences. Terrible or not, it is my opinion that the book is preposterous and space requirements keep me from going into details.

As for Chris Riesbeck's comment regarding Farmer winning the '72 Hugo Award for *To Your Scattered Bodies Go* and not *Tarzan Alive*, I must admit to being misled by the cover blurbs on the DAW Books paperback of *The Other Log of Phileas Fogg*. The blurb calls Farmer the "... Hugo-winning author of *Tarzan Alive*" and also states: "Philip Jose Farmer won the Hugo for the best SF novel last year. His study of the background of Tarzan made feature headlines in the news..."

Thanks to Chris for clearing that error up....

Paul J. Braczyk  
Webster, Mass.

\*\*\*

Dear G & G:

... Paul Braczyk's "Fortifications certainly is an improvement over the Wiplash "Naked Came the Fortean" imbecility. The latter, for me, was a waste of valuable space. Even in Braczyk's article ... I find woeful waste, as the entire first half-page [in issue 10] (dealing with the Emile Slazek tripe) left me with nothing gained.

If I may continue the evaluation, your own coverage of the INFO convention ("We Go to See the Fortfest") leaves too much to be desired. It makes use of words that convey to the reader precious little information. Now, please don't feel that I object to humor. For instance, your interview with Shaver ends with a delightful touch. Moreover, it serves a purpose in highlighting, perhaps, a facet of the man's personality.

I would like to encourage you to include interviews (such as this one



with Shaver) more often — one each issue, if you can manage it. How about one with Ray Palmer? He does a good job of tooting his horn in his own publications, and your view of him would be very welcome. And how about interviews with others of your more frequent writers (such as John Keel, Curtis Sutherly, Dr. Louis Martello, etc.)? With all these conventions you go to, you should have no lack of opportunity.

Conrad Pierce Flake  
Honolulu, Hawaii

*(I gather from your letter that you like humor, but only when it's incidental to a serious article or comment. We also like humor for its own sake, but leave the ultimate question about all this up to you readers [see the next letter, for example].*

*As to the INFO convention, we think our little article really expressed the spirit of such a gathering the way old Charles Fort himself might have felt — that it's not something to be taken too seriously.*

*We already interviewed Ray Palmer several years back, and used it in our first edition, which is now out of print. If we have the time and funds, we'll attempt to interview him again in the future, and probe some of the topics touched on briefly in the first interview.*

*However, we won't run interviews merely for the sake of filling up space — only when a good one is available. In our next [July-August] edition, we'll have an interview with the Research Director of a nationally-known ESP research lab, and we may even include a few photographs of their experiments!*

*We have other interviews in the works, too, including some with our popular staff writers. — ERS)*

\* \* \*

Dear G & G:

I want to congratulate you on a fine magazine . . .

Why not bring back Richard E. Wiplash? I think that instead of serious articles that a humorous one should be in every issue.

Any chance of having color pictures?

Keep up the good work.

Frank LaLonde  
Bay City, Mich.

*(Another vote for Wiplash —*

*maybe he'll earn a reprieve yet!*

*We'd love to carry color photos, but the cost of color separations is just too prohibitive at this point — we'd rather spend the money to give you a magazine with more pages on the inside — but maybe someday . . . — ERS)*

\* \* \*

To:

Mr. Eugene Steinberg  
Mr. John A. Keel  
Mr. Steve Erdmann  
James W. Moseley  
Morris Katzen

And

To — Whoever May Care To Read:

*Gosh! I wonder what happened to those other two Misterys? Oh well, maybe the MIB took 'em out???*

*Poor MIB. They get blamed for everything.*

*But I would like to know who or what is responsible for the fact that when Keel's book about Strange Creatures was first out, it was a little bit difficult to find a copy of it, but I finally found one place that had a few copies for sale, and I don't know of any place now that has a copy of it for sale. But what is even harder for me to understand, is that when Keel wrote his book, *Our Haunted Planet*, I read about it where someone had expressed their opinion of it, and I started looking for it at quite a few magazine stands. And after looking for a long time, I finally learned how I could order it from the publisher, so I ordered a copy of it. But until this day, I have still never seen a copy of *Our Haunted Planet* for sale anywhere at any time. Now I wonder why, I wonder why?????????*

*And now in regard to Mr. Keel's comment about why isn't there a Saucer Mag. with a large following — maybe there are a few more people almost as unfortunate or as big a sucker as me. — For your information, Mr. Keel, I have been taken for a total of about \$32 by a total of five different would-be, or so-called saucer news publishers. So, why should I have any enthusiasm for, or any faith in, any so-called *Saucer Mag*????????? And surely there must be a few more who got took. And news gets around, so they say. And another thing, Keel: I don't know how many times I have picked up a Mag. that cost me 25 or 35 or 50 cents or more, and after looking through it, I said to myself, "Well, maybe I got a dime's worth out of it, or maybe nothing."*

So, the fact is, Mr. Keel, how many people besides you are willing to spend valuable time writing *true facts*, for free? But of course there are multitudes who like free publicity any way they can get it.

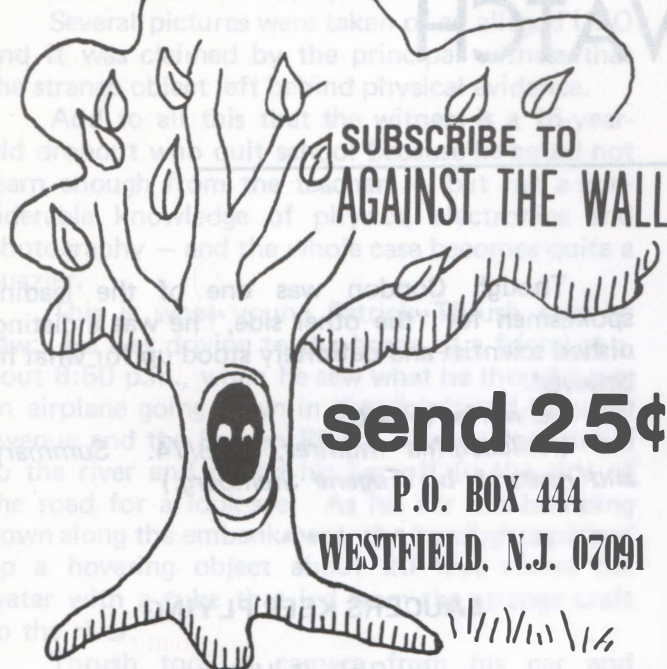
And now, Mr. Eugene Steinberg — I would advise you to forget about *that easy route with a grain of salt*, as according to page 29, C.E. 12, and pay a *lot more*, a *lot more* attention to what you referred to as *pretty startling projections*. And pay special attention to Keel's date. It might turn out to be startlingly accurate. But of course Keel does have a lot of facts, and it is a little difficult to put everything in the exact place, every time. And Keel does seem to have a few problems making it balance correctly every time. For example, I wonder why he forsook his Indian friends when he put that contactee so far over there, but I guess he was dreaming about Nostradamus at that time, because Nostradamus did establish several important ones for over there real soon.

And now to Mr. Steve Erdmann — You are disappointing me, Ten Dollar words that aren't worth a Dime, Chit Chat and Chatter and *what* have you said??? Come on Man, Get on the Ball and write a few *simple* words about some *simple facts* which the people *need* to hear. Don't you believe in that *big black book*? The one called *Jesus* didn't waste *his* time on idle words. Surely you have heard of such things as Edgar Cayce, Nostradamus, and the Lady who talked about the flashing hats and a lot of other things, and a lot more things. And *your prophets* in the *big black book* don't disagree with any of these things, of course not. Surely you have seen that page where it says that soon (and I *do* mean *soon*), there will be a crying out in the land for a hearing of *the word*, and *you will not* be able to feed them then, so *why don't you* dig in with a real big *spoon* and feed them a lot of understanding *now*, and forget all of that *Chit Chat Chatter* and those *ten dollar words* that are not worth *two cents*. But how many people who read Saucer Mags. want to hear the *real truth*? Maybe a handfull, so address your comments to them. They might be glad to hear a few things which they haven't heard before. But I wonder if *Eugene* would dare to publish such comments. I don't think he would. Because I don't think *he* knows how late it is, if *he* knows that time it is at all . . .

Tomorrow  
*[Real name known to us.]*



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# NEWSWATCH

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## CONDON SUCCUMBS TO HEART DISEASE

Ufology's arch nemesis of the 1970s, Dr. Edward U. Condon, died on March 25th from a heart condition. The announcement was quietly released to the press several days after Condon passed on.

Although his credentials seemed hardly the kind that would render him an establishment flunky, his performance with the Colorado UFO Project seemed to convey that impression.

But in the early 1950s, Condon was forced to resign as Director of the U.S. Bureau of Standards, after an avalanche of criticism from the commie-bating House Un-American Activities Committee and from none other than Richard M. Nixon, who was a California congressman at the time.

Condon was subjected to this abuse because of his connection with some organizations that wanted to put a halt to the use of atomic weaponry. Condon was a physicist who was instrumental in development of the atomic bomb, having served as second in command at the Las Alamos, New Mexico installation.

But as far as C.E. readers are concerned, Condon is best known (or most infamous for) his directorship of the Colorado UFO study. Condon's stewardship of the agency was a far cry from the maverick of 15 years earlier who took on congress in his fight to keep atomic weapons out of the hands of the war-makers.

Condon made it clear from the outset that he didn't believe that UFOs were men from Mars or anything else that would make them real. He played up the crackpot aspects of the subject and left his often-divided staff to ponder the mysteries of fast-moving objects that confounded pilots, radar operators and countless others.

Although the work of the committee was largely overshadowed by Condon's sharply negative introduction to its report, the appendix contained a wealth of authenticated information that demonstrated to a lot of people that there was something behind the enigma.

Though Condon was one of the leading spokesmen for "the other side," he was a distinguished scientist and definitely stood up for what he believed.

He will be missed.

(*Philadelphia Inquirer*, 3/28/74. Summary and research by Eugene Steinberg.)

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## SAUCERS KEEP FLYING

By Rick R. Hilberg

It came as no surprise to anyone in the UFO field that once the massive publicity given to reports of all sorts of strange aerial objects in the papers and on TV died down, the objects themselves would still be up there flying around. While reports reaching me are hardly as large as during the flap weeks, they are still of good quality, rather than obvious observations of stars through broken clouds or fireballs.

By the fourth of December of last year, most of the publicity regarding the elusive discs had pretty much diminished. However, at about 7:00 p.m. that evening in Vancouver, Washington, Mrs. Sylvia Glidden and her two children saw a strange object framed in the front window of their home.

Mrs. Glidden reported to the sheriff's department that it was "a large circular object," and that it had red and green lights all around it. It appeared to be hovering just above the rooftops across an open field directly east of her home, she reported. The UFO remained in the same general area until an aircraft approached. Then the object slowly rose a few feet, stopped and then began slowly moving towards the north. It was in sight for only several minutes longer, until it rose up and disappeared into the evening sky.

Mrs. Glidden and her children went shopping after the incident. Upon returning home, all three of them caught what they thought was a glimpse of the UFO in the far distance. While no other neighbors actually admit to having seen the object,



Mrs. Glidden's daughter feels that as many as nine persons in the area may have also spotted the low altitude UFO.

A really strange case came out of Bradenton, Florida on December 13, 1973.

Several pictures were taken of an alleged UFO and it was claimed by the principal witness that the strange object left behind physical evidence.

Add to all this that the witness is a 16-year-old dropout who quit school because he could not learn enough from the teachers — but has a considerable knowledge of physics, electronics and photography — and the whole case becomes quite a puzzler.

This is what young Patrick Thrush said he saw: He was driving to the home of a friend at about 8:50 p.m., when he saw what he thought was an airplane going down in the vicinity of Manatee Avenue and the Braden River. Thrush then drove to the river and pulled his car off to the side of the road for a look-see. As his car was bumping down along the embankment, the headlights picked up a hovering object about 20 feet above the water with a tube that led from the strange craft to the river.

Thrush took a camera from his car and snapped two pictures, using a strobe flash for illumination. The tube then began pulling back into the UFO, he related, and the object began a slow descent toward the position where he was standing. It passed about seven feet above his small Toyota, and he reported that at this time he heard something strike the hood of the car. The object then continued in a wide, slow arc to the east, emitting a blue-green light. Shortly, the UFO turned a red color and disappeared southward, he said.

At about the same time, John Dowdy, 18, was on Morgan-Johnson Road, about two miles east of Thrush's location. Dowdy says that he looked up and observed a "bright orange object, going really fast." The object, he reported, turned southward, appeared to stop and then disappeared.

In Palma Sola Park, George Montgomery glanced out of a west window of his home and saw a strange light in the sky. Above and below the bright light were two smaller lights. The smaller lights then merged into the single bright light and disappeared. Again, the time was the same given by Thrush for his strange experience near the Braden River.

After the UFO went out of sight, Thrush returned to his car to find a warmish, dry rock. A search of the area around the car revealed two more of the lava-like rocks. Thrush then decided that it was time for him to call the police.

Patrolman Chris Schmidt responded to the

call and began the investigation. The official police report makes no firm conclusions, but Schmidt has been quoted as saying that he believes Thrush's report.

The photographs taken by Thrush are not in themselves spectacular. All they show is a small portion of the object's superstructure, and what may be the tube that reportedly ran down into the river.

The rocks remain under investigation. Dr. Larry Doyle of the University of South Florida says they seem to be a cinder produced from a heat source of some kind.

(Vancouver, *Washington Columbian*, 12/5/73; St. Petersburg, *Florida Times*, 12/23/73. Reports compiled by Rick Hilberg.)

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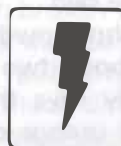
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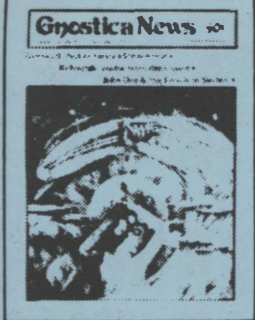
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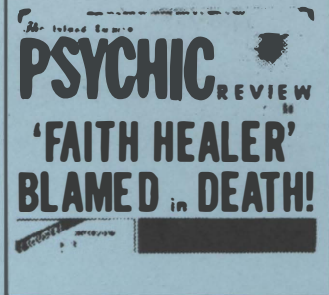
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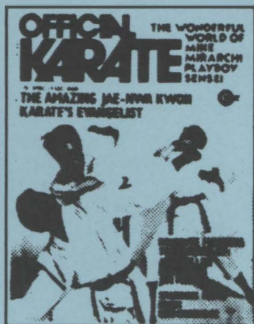
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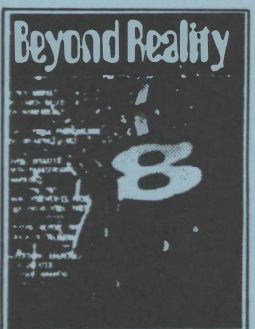
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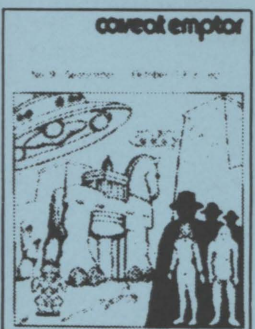


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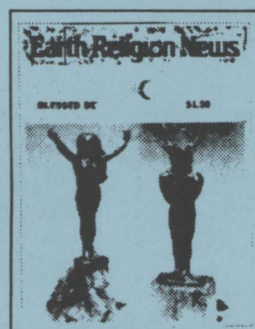


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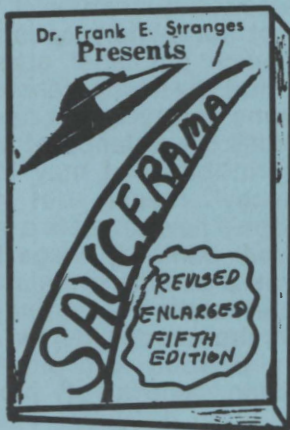
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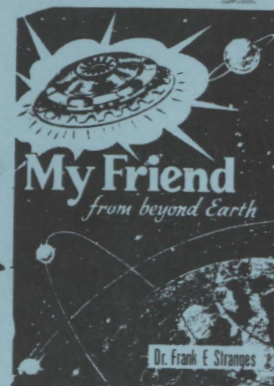
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